COMICS OF STYLE & VISION

ESCAPE

The Chips Are Down!

NUMBER 9

£1.95



¡Especial España!

SPANISH COMICS: DANIEL TORRES & THE HOT TEBEOS TALENTS★
KRAZY KAT★BRUTE! BOYS★LYNDA BARRY★RIAN HUGHES★TEMPTATION★
WATCHMEN★RICHARD SALA★HIP PARADE★PHIL ELLIOTT★PLUS DR FAUSTUS & PUNK MEMORIES★


VIBRO MAN
FREAK OUT! WITH NME
EVERY WEDNESDAY.
50P

PLAN



PLAN ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL TORRES FROM 'SABOTAGE' © MAGIC STRIP, BRUSSELS

PUBLISHERS/EDITORS: PAUL GRAVETT and PETER STANBURY
ART DIRECTOR: PETER STANBURY
POPULAR GRAPHICS: LOUISE TUCKER
NEW YORK AGENT: TONY GRAVETT
PARIS AGENT: PHILIPPE MORIN
ROME AGENT: FRANCESCO SISCI

WITH CONTRIBUTIONS FROM: JOHN BAGNALL ● GLENN DAKIN ● PHIL ELLIOTT ● ELIAS GARCIA ● DANIEL MALERIN ● RAFAEL MARTINEZ ● ALAN MOORE ● SAVAGE PENCIL ● WILL RENDALL ● DAVE THORPE ● With special thanks to BOB LYNCH, TREVS PHOENIX and ED PINSENT

A silkscreened poster of this issue's cover illustration is available in a limited edition. For details write to Escape London.

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YOU HAVE A BRAVE AFFECTION FOR BRICKS - EH, "MOUSIE" ?
AFFECTION BUT INEFFICIENTLY RENDERS THEM THEIR FULL MERIT OF ACCLAIM - A MEATLESS BONE OF ESTEEM - A VAPID VALUE OF DEVOTION - A-A - -
"KOPSIE"
AND NOW - DROP THAT BRICK - AND COME WITH ME -
BUT, "KOPSIE" "KOPSIE" - I CANT FORSAKE THIS DEAR LITTLE BRICK. IT IS MY PET, MY BUDDY - WHITHER I GO - THITHER IT GOES - EVEN UNTO JAIL -
I TAKE YOU TO NO JAIL TODAY - "MOUSIE" - WE GO TO WHERE YOU CAN BASK IN BRICK, BREATHE BRICK, BATHE IN BRICK - MILLIONS, AND MILLIONS OF BRICK
MUCH AS I LOVE BRICKS - MORE DO I HATE "KOPS" - YA-A-A-A
LOOK, "MOUSE"! LOOK IN THERE - WHAT DO YOU SEE ?
A HEAP - A HORDE - A HERD OF BRICKS, OH-H-H THE BEAUTIES, THE DARLINGS, THE TH-T
IT WELL COULD BE AN EFFORT OF AFFECTION TO STACK THEM IN MEAT PILES -- DID I FIB TO YOU WHEN I TOLD YOU, YOU WOULD WADE AND WALLOW IN BRICKS?
A MILLION BRICKS, AND NO "KAT" AT WHICH TO TOSS THEM - HEH-HEH HE'LL BE AS LOCO AS A LOON IN A WEEK - -AND HERE WILL I BE, ON GUARD UNTIL HIS JOB IS DONE -
YOU IS ON A CENTURY DUTY TO KIPP SOME BODDA FROM COMIN' IN - ?
NO, MY DEAR "K." TO KEEP SOME BODY FROM GOING OUT -
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POPULAR GRAPHICS

EDITED BY LOUISE TUCKER



What really motivates people to dress up in longjohns and become 'superheroes'? And how would you really react to them if they filled the nightly TV news? Frank Miller and Alan Moore have both addressed these questions in their current DC series.

In **DARK KNIGHT** Miller paints Batman as a poisoned obsessive operating outside the law, who has to be roped in by the President's patriotic puppy-dog, Superman. Public reaction ranges from the outrage of soft-headed humanists to the formation of an extreme vigilante streetgang called The Sons of The Batman.

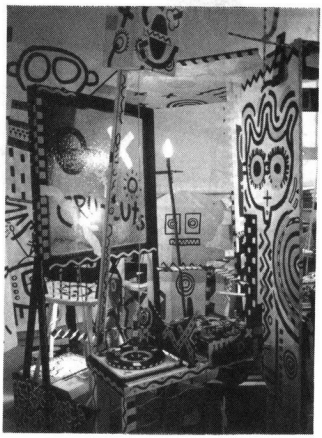
Alan Moore's latest 12-part maxi-series **WATCHMEN,** drawn by Dave Gibbons and coloured by John Higgins, deals with similar themes to **DARK KNIGHT** but with more shades of opinion and more space to explore the causes and effects of superheroes. And whereas Miller is redefining a familiar well-established character, Moore and Gibbons are building a skew-whiff America of their own, where their all-new but archetypical superheroes have some decidedly realistic motivations for donning mask and tights; they do it for the publicity, the swashbuckling, the violence, on moral grounds, or on behalf of the Government. In this parallel world, their taking the law into their own hands led to a strike by the police force and a statute outlawing all superheroes. So you'll find no supervillains, no punch-ups, but a lot of dark fascinating insights into the absurd and disturbing ideas in superhero comics and reflections on our own real world.

Perhaps because it is a 100% British package, **WATCHMEN** has the detached quirky view that's needed to strip bare the nightmare aspects of the American dream. Walter Hill, director of '48 Hours' and 'Streets of Fire', has optioned the story for the screen, but don't wait for the film, read **WATCHMEN** — the superhero comic to end all superhero comics?



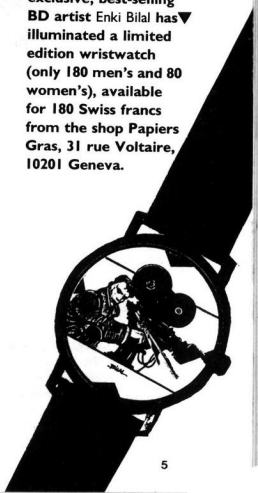


◀The cry rang out — **WIRE UP AND FINISH PAINTING** — and cross-media duo Judith Findlay and Iain Irving threw the switch on their latest installation at Edinburgh's Festival Fringe, 'Big Canopy'. From junkyards they salvage wood, welded metal, concrete, painted calico, stuff like lamps, fans and speakers, and turn them into brash low-fi domestic landscapes. Inspiration for their 3D cartoon interiors comes from all over, including the comics of Mark Beyer, Mariscal and XEX Graphix. Now W.V.F.P. have put out their own comic, which acts as a mock mail-order catalogue with strips starring their household objects, each with its own name and personality; *'Gorki is a mobile light with its own mirror — a real dark horse but a guiding light.'* Meet them all by sending 50p plus post to 3 Millar Place (T3), Morningside, Edinburgh EH10.▼



In need of a timely timepiece? Ticking away in discerning comics shops Titan's Judge Dredd **clocks come with four different faces from comic covers illustrated by Brian Bolland and Mike McMahon (£19.95 each).**

Or watch out for something more portable and exclusive; best-selling BD artist Enki Bilal **has▼ illuminated a limited edition wristwatch (only 180 men's and 80 women's), available for 180 Swiss francs from the shop Papiers Gras, 31 rue Voltaire, 10201 Geneva.**

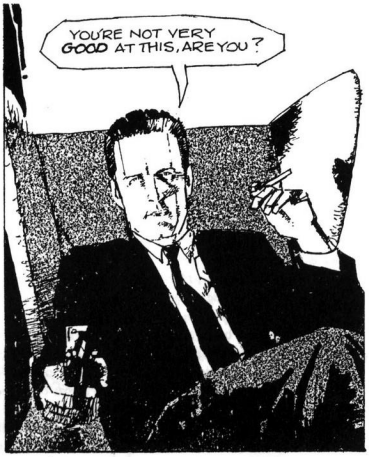


Tintin-adulators can now plaster their walls with pinsharp silkscreened poster versions of the French covers of Herge's 'The Black Island', 'Destination Moon' and 'Explorers On The Moon'. Liberty's in Regent Street, London have imported these three at £31 each unframed. For a bigger selection go direct by sending a reply coupon for their catalogue to Escale, Christian Desbois Editions, 10 rue Pernety, 75014 Paris. They're even branching out into **Tintin** sculptures, offering lacquered solid wood models of the red-and-white checkered rocket and the sharkshaped submarine!

POPULAR GRAPHICS

We've been deluged with nomination slips and postcards from readers, voting for their latest fave rave comics. We tossed them all into a whacko chapeau and fished out five lucky WINNERS of an ESCAPE T-Shirt drawn by Chris Long: J. Debney, Bristol; B. Moore, Hebden Bridge; Rik Shepherd, Stockport; Paul Steeples, London; and Steve Symons, Bristol.
Remember you can vote for every issue's chart, to keep this barometer of taste bang up-to-date. So send in your personal HIP PARADE NOW on a postcard or use the handy form in this issue.
Next issue there will be a brand new ESCAPE HIP PARADE and five more readers will WIN Steve Bell's latest book, 'The Unrepeatable If'! Like WOW!

BORDERLINE is a new British comic meticulously planned to grab teenagers around 15 years old and up, just when many are growing tired of comics. Whiz-kid co-publisher and editor Hunter Tremayne has under his wing a spectrum of strip serials, ranging from the light cosmic comedy of 'Colossus', a sort of 'Odd Couple' in orbit, to the dark 'Rambo'-like revenge odyssey 'Going To California'.
Yankee-panky superheroics are definitely out though; in Hunter's view the demise of Dez Skinn's WARRIOR shows that the British just don't like them. In their place come strong stories with a 15+ rating in almost every genre from the Dungeons and Dragons romp of 'A Knave' to the Lovecraftian horror of 'The Old Magic'.
Contents of issue 1 have been firmed up, based on the dozen or more pilot episodes test-marketed on school kids across London. Likely tip for 'Top of the Form' goes to Neil Gaiman and Martin Griffiths who have put Billy Bunter's Greyfriars and George Romero's 'Living Dead' into the liquidiser for the ultimate school story, 'The End of the 3rd Form at St. Andrew's Eve.' Another hit is the sophisticated Thirties ▶ thriller 'The Fox', written by Hunter Tremayne and drawn with stylish photorealism by Dave McKean. **BORDERLINE** is in the shops every month from January or go direct to: Heart of Ice Publishing Ltd., 16 Wimpole Street, London W1M 7AB.





From the frozen North West Territories of Canada, Nick Burns (perhaps our most remote SKP?) wrote in after reading Ed Pinsent's fantasy, 'The Last Eskimo', in ESCAPE 7. *'I live in an Inuit community. I say Inuit, not Eskimo, as this is what the people call themselves in their own language. They don't use Eskimo as it's an insult, a Cree (North American Indian) word meaning 'eaters-of-raw-flesh'.* To bring people an authentic account of Northern life Nick has written and drawn ◀ **ARCTIC COMICS 1, released at Expo '86 in Vancouver. It contains three full-colour tales of the Arctic from the past, present and future and costs $2 (Canadian) from: The NWT Pavillion, Box 42 Expo '86, PO Box 8788, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 5C4.**

What were the most popular strips in ESCAPE 8? We've tallied your votes and come up with your top five favourites!
1 'Of Mice And Sadness' by Bob Lynch
2 'The Murderer of Hung' by Grange & Tardi
3 'The Impressionists' by Glenn Dakin
4 'Hermeese' by Eddie Campbell
5 'Primitif' by Ed Pinsent

To coincide with the **Statue of Liberty** celebrating her 100th Birthday this 4th of July, the story of Frederic Auguste Bartholdi's creation is re-told in a comic strip album titled 'The Gift' from Blackthorne Books. It's drawn in suitably florid brushstrokes by Alfredo Alcala and is the first comic written by Henry Gibson, formerly the flower-power poet in 'Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In'. And Statue of Liberty enthusiasts were snapped with their collections of models in National Geographic and among the photos was William Gaines, publisher of EC comics in the '50s and **Mad** in the '80s.
On the French end of the festivities over fifty artists had their artworks in a Statue of Liberty theme-show sponsored by the swanky Bank Union of Paris. Split into two teams, the American side include Mark Beyer, **Gary Panter** and ▶ Art Spiegelman and playing for France are Placid and Muzo, Bruno Richard, all the former Bazooka Gang members, and loads more.



HIP PARADE

1	(19)	**STEVE BELL** His strip 'If' in The Guardian
2	(24)	**HUNT EMERSON** 'Max Zillion' in Knockabout and 'Firkin' in Fiesta
3	(-)	**GLENN DAKIN** 'Temptation' and 'Capt. Oblivion', Escape
4	(6)	**ALEC** By Eddie Campbell, Escape
5	(23)	**GILBERT SHELTON** 'The Freak Brothers', 'Fat Freddy's Cat' and 'Wonder Warthog', Knockabout
6	(11)	**HERGE** The Adventures of Tintin, Methuen
7	(-)	**DOC CHAOS** By Phil Elliott, Lawrence Gray and Dave Thorpe, Escape
8	(10)	**FRANK MILLER** 'Daredevil', Marvel and 'Dark Knight', DC
9	(-)	**WATCHMEN** By Alan Moore, Dave Gibbons and John Higgins, DC
10	(2)	**CHUCK JONES** Animator of Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck and Roadrunner
11	(-)	**CHARLES BURNS** For 'Dog Boy' and 'Big Baby', Raw
12	(3)	**V FOR VENDETTA** By Alan Moore and David Lloyd, originally in Warrior and soon from DC
13	(18)	**ASTERIX THE GAUL** By Goscinny and Uderzo, Hodder and Stoughton
14	(-)	**DOONESBURY** Garry Trudeau's strip in The Guardian
15	(-)	**RIAN HUGHES** For his strips in Escape
16	(7)	**WILL EISNER** Creator of 'The Spirit', Kitchen Sink
17	(-)	**VIZ COMIC** Home of 'Johnny Fartpants' and 'The Bottom Inspectors', Virgin
18	(19)	**LOVE AND ROCKETS** By Jaime and Bert Hernandez Fantagraphics Books
18	(1)	**KRAZY KAT** By George Herriman
20	(4)	**SWAMP THING** By Alan Moore, Steve Bissette and John Totleben, DC
21	(-)	**RAY LOWRY** For his strips and cartoons in NME
22	(-)	**JUDGE DREDD** From 2000AD, especially by Bolland
23	(-)	**SERGE CLERC** French BD-stylist, Metal Hurlant & NME
24	(26)	**WINSOR McCAY** For 'Little Nemo In Slumberland'
25	(-)	**HOWARD CHAYKIN** 'American Flagg!', First and 'The Shadow' from DC
26	(5)	**LEO BAXENDALE** For 'Bash Street Kids', 'The Three Bears' and other classic funnies
27	(-)	**ANDY CAPP** By Reg Smythe in the Daily Mirror
28	(-)	**MARK BEYER** Strips for Raw, NME and his own comics
29	(-)	**JACQUES TARDI** Top French BD artist, Casterman
30	(-)	**RANXEROX** By Tamburini and Liberatore from Italy, two books from Catalan Communications

WE ARE MOVING!

Saturday 30 August 1986



COMIC SHOWCASE

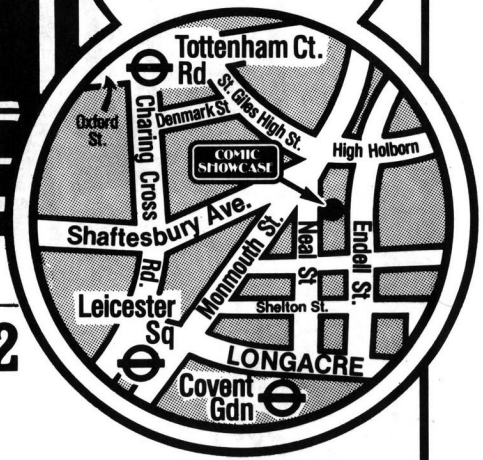
Our New Address

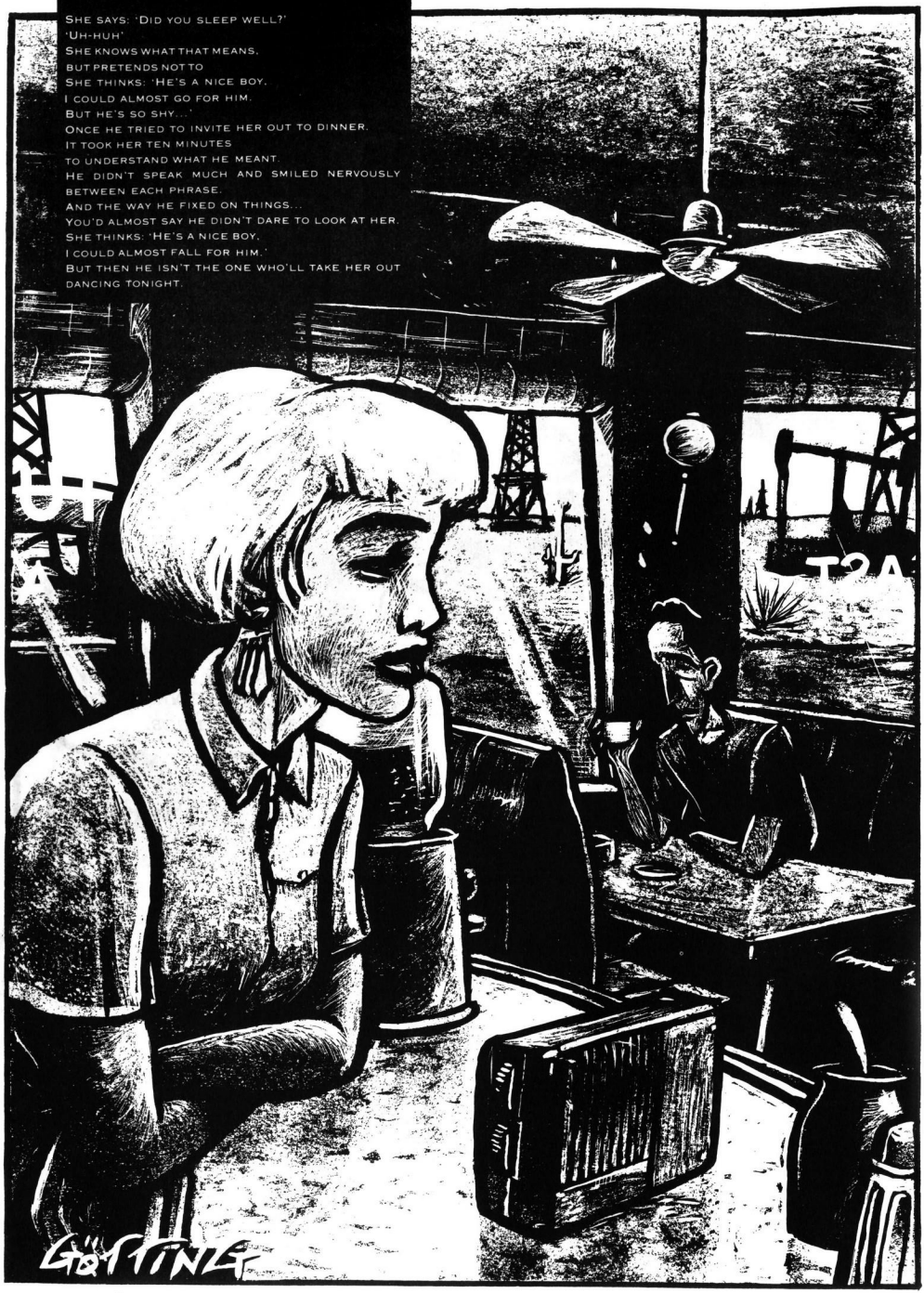
76 Neal St. London WC2

Tel (01) 240 3664 •

After six years ***Comic Showcase*** *is moving to considerably larger premises at* ***76 Neal Street, London WC2.*** *We shall continue to specialise in American comics and the additional space will enable us to offer the collector a more extensive range of related items including graphic novels, fanzines, original artwork, badges, posters, newspaper strip reprints, Mylar bags and other comic collecting accessories. We look forward to seeing you all and hope you will enjoy the more comfortable surroundings.*

How to Find Us!




SHE SAYS: 'DID YOU SLEEP WELL?'
'UH-HUH'
SHE KNOWS WHAT THAT MEANS,
BUT PRETENDS NOT TO
SHE THINKS: 'HE'S A NICE BOY,
I COULD ALMOST GO FOR HIM.
BUT HE'S SO SHY...'
ONCE HE TRIED TO INVITE HER OUT TO DINNER.
IT TOOK HER TEN MINUTES
TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HE MEANT.
HE DIDN'T SPEAK MUCH AND SMILED NERVOUSLY
BETWEEN EACH PHRASE.
AND THE WAY HE FIXED ON THINGS...
YOU'D ALMOST SAY HE DIDN'T DARE TO LOOK AT HER.
SHE THINKS: 'HE'S A NICE BOY,
I COULD ALMOST FALL FOR HIM.'
BUT THEN HE ISN'T THE ONE WHO'LL TAKE HER OUT
DANCING TONIGHT.
GOTTINE

OVERHEARD... at America's Lunch Counters



"At your wedding you looked so slender and feminine. A wedding dress can do that to a person."



"If I were a junior in high school, the first thing I would do is have an abortion."



"The one I'm looking at looks like my boyfriend, but my boyfriend is better looking."



"I've got a new waterbed but it's too hot, I'm afraid it's going to poach me or something."



"My dog is so smart, it's just like talking to a person, except most people couldn't put two and two together like she does."



"I always keep instant coffee in the house so if there's a car accident we can invite the survivors in."



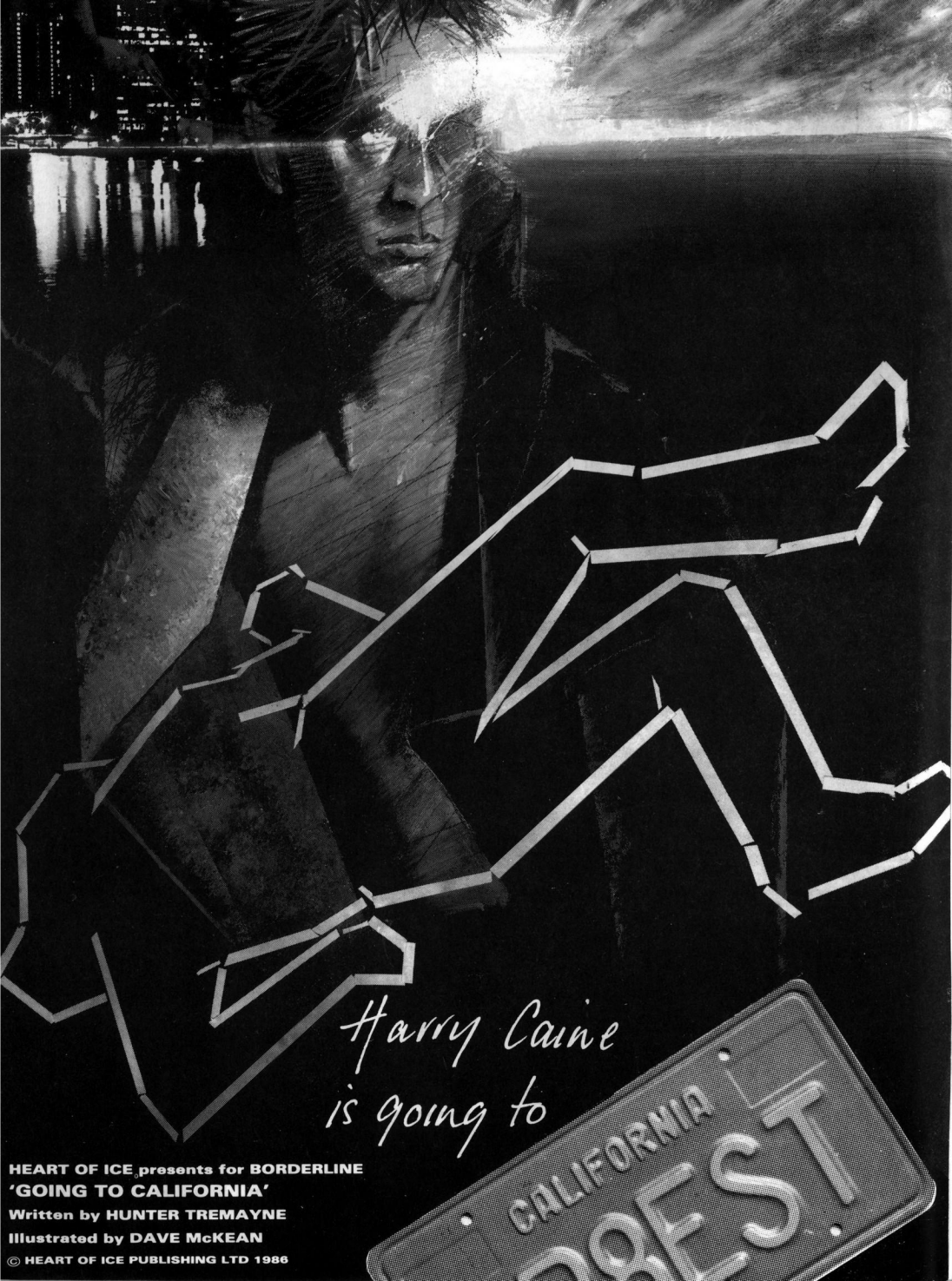
"I'm not a whore or a pig, but I do feel the same way Elizabeth Taylor does about the subject of marriage."



"Honey, I've heard now that some states are making certain sex acts illegal. We'd better find out about that."



"There's a real intense smelling, dying tropical flower on Nancy's desk. I don't know if it's an expression of her sexuality or what."



HEART OF ICE presents for BORDERLINE
'GOING TO CALIFORNIA'
Written by HUNTER TREMAYNE
Illustrated by DAVE McKEAN
© HEART OF ICE PUBLISHING LTD 1986

A BREATH OF Sierre

British comics were given the star treatment at BD' 86, Switzerland's third Festival of Comics, in June. Highlights from Paul Gravett.

The locals call Sierre 'Sun City'. It's a beautiful small town snug in a deep Alpine valley. This June it invited Britain to be Guest of Honour at the BD' 86 Festival, run by more than 150 enthusiastic volunteers. Eddie Campbell and I were driven in from Geneva with Brian Bolland and Kevin O'Neill. We joined the rest of the UK party — Hunt Emerson, Julie Hollings, Arthur Ranson, Barrie Mitchell, Don and Liz Lawrence, Denis Gifford and Nick Landau — and spent the Thursday evening at a huge barbecue, entertained by dancing girls and musicians who came floating across the lake on a raft. I talked with Don Lawrence, one of my childhood idols thanks to his brilliantly painted **Trigan Empire** strips in Look And Learn weekly. Don works for European comics but still lives in Sussex, illustrating the fantasy hero **Storm** for Eppo in Holland, out next year from Titan Books in Britain.

On Friday, my first full day, I looked round the British exhibitions housed in the Town Hall. The main room showed originals by 38 contemporary comics artists with as many as ten pages by those at the Festival. Everybody's there: from great British pros like Ron Embleton and Don Lawrence to their 2000AD counterparts Bolland, O'Neill, Gibson, Smith, Talbot, Kennedy and the rest, from newspaper strips by Posy Simmonds, Sydney Jordan and Sally Artz, to undergrounds by Emerson, Pokkettz, Matthews, Szostek and more. And almost all the Escape Artists were included — Bagnall, Budden, Campbell, Dakin, Elliott, Flewitt, Hughes, Long, Pinsent and Savage Pencil. A remarkable coming together of the various denominations of the UK comics field, that cries out to be shown in Britain.



Humo contributors from left to right Swarte, Ever Meulen, Kamagurka and photographer Herman Selleslags.

Elsewhere in the Town Hall is Dennis Gifford's fascinating retrospective of British comics history.

The organisers went to a lot of trouble to give the Festival a British atmosphere. Rolling down the middle of the main room was a red carpet, flanked by old-fashioned street lamps and mannequins dressed up as Beefeaters. The carpet ended in a smaller room with a phoney throne on a stage, festooned with Union Jacks. It's here that all the artists did their book signings, sitting among a miniature museum of glass cases containing such oddities as After Dinner Mints and a sod of genuine Hyde Park turf. They had even specially imported a red double-decker omnibus, whose downstairs roof had to be lowered to conform with Swiss traffic regulations, plus a brace of black London taxi cabs.



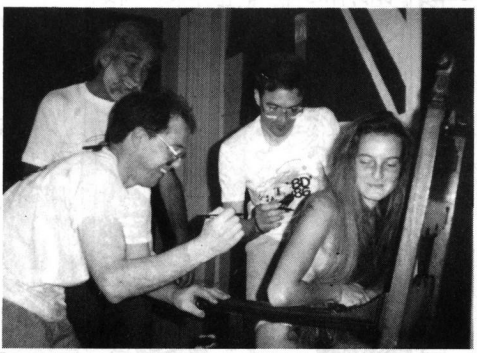
From the book that's causing a stir, 'La Femme du Magicien'.

In the main tent the security guards were a bit hot under the collar, sweating it out in policemen's uniforms, not the ideal clothes for a Swiss sizzling summer. Unlike the dealer/fan syndrome of a British comic convention, most of the stands here were manned by the major European BD publishers with their top artists signing their books with sketches for the general public.

At a Press Conference, chaired by our guides Ashvin Gatha and his wife Nadine, each faction of British comics explained the problems that beset the medium and its future potential. For some of us this was the first time that we had had the chance to talk together on neutral ground and realise all that we have in common.

Saturday began with Eddie, Denis Gifford and I meeting the Godfather of Comics, the imposing globe-trotting **Hugo Pratt,** who now lives down the road in Lausanne. He told us about his new Corto Maltese adventure that involves the true story of Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid. *'I've found out that the film wasn't very accurate. It's a deeply fascinating story and I hope to go to Patagonia to research it.'* Pratt told us about when he lived in London around 1959 to 1961 and was on contract to the Daily Mirror Group to draw war comics for Fleetway Picture Library and illustrations for the Sunday Pictorial. *'What I remember best from London are all the pubs. Just when you would want to drink, they would close! I had good friends, like the photographer David Bailey, Appicella the cartoonist.'* There are plans for a TV documentary on Pratt's time in London, so perhaps he'll have an excuse to come over again.

Later **Joost Swarte** from Holland filled me in on his latest news. He's in an exhibition titled **Humo Achter Glas** ('Humo Under Glass') touring Belgium, which celebrates 50 years of Humo, the popular Flemish weekly. *'I am also working on an exhibition with Mariscal on the theme of eating. It opens in Spring 1987 in a small two-room gallery in Amsterdam. In one room there'll be our drawings, contrasting my strict style with his frivolous style. And we'll design a carpet, 4 metres by 3 metres, divided in half diagonally. In the other room we will build our ideal kitchen of the future!'* For tea I grilled **François Boucq,** winner of the Best BD album award at Sierre (he also carried away the top prize in that category at Angouleme earlier this year) for his astonishing **La Femme du Magicien** ('The Magician's Wife'). Up until now Boucq has been best known for his baroque cynical parodies of manners, painted in lush watercolours for (A SUIVRE) magazine. But this book marks the first time he has worked on a sustained 68-page story, written by New York novellist Jerome Charyn. *'There were a few communication problems, as he lives in Greenwich Village, while I'm in Lille. I ended up doing most of the adaptation into comics myself from his text.'* The action takes place mainly in the United States, with New York at the heart of the story. Yet surprisingly Boucq has never been there. *'I've mixed references from film, photographs and the mythical images of America.'* It's an intense hallucinatory love-affair and a bold new step in Boucq's work.



Patrick Anderson, the Festival's press photographer, arranged for a publicity gimmick of dubious taste. Don, Hunt, Eddie (from left to right) and Denis drew cartoons on the back of a topless girl named Titiana as she sat Godiva-like on the throne in the Town Hall.



An excellent hommage to Betty Boop and Marlene Dietrich combined period material from the Thirties with new tributes by Italian comics artists such as Pratt, Manara and Crepax.

These were just a few of the highlights of a very long but very enjoyable weekend. Add to them the rarified atmosphere, beautiful sunshine and great food and you soon realise why this small town in the Swiss Alps is called the City of the Sun.




The Crow
Eddie Campbell ©386
I HOPE YOU GET ALONG WITH MY FATHER CHARLIE
OH, I DONT SEE WHY WE SHOULDN'T GET ALONG LIKE THE COLORADO RAPIDS
HE LOOKS LIKE MY KIND OF MAN- WE'RE CHIPS OUT OF THE SAME PAN -
RIGHT, LET'S GO THEN!
AH, YOU'VE ARRIVED, SUZIE -
HELLO, MUM- THIS IS CHARLIE
HELLO, SUZIE'S MUM.. OH FRABJOUS JOY
GO ON THROUGH AND MEET SUZIE'S DAD
?
FLUTTER
FLUTTER
DAD, THIS IS CHARLIE
HELLO, MR. CAMPBELL - WE HAVE SO MUCH IN COMMON—
.. MAY I CALL YOU CAMBO
DRAP DEAD


I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM CHARLIE
ODEER, THIS IS BAD
YOU MUST TRY TO BE FRIENDLY WITH DAD AT DINNER, CHARLIE
CERTAINLY MY SWEET - IF IT WILL MAKE YOU HAPPY
HERE'S THE CHEESE BOARD
AH! STILTON! OH, BRIE ~ MY SWEET AUNT ETHEL - IT'S DANISH BLUE!
OH, MRS CAMPBELL, YOU KNOW HOW TO MAKE HAPPY TUMMIES
SLICE IT CHARLIE SLICE IT
PSST
OH, LIEBFRAUMILCH! HOW EXQUISITE
GD
WHO'S BEEN SWIPIN BLUDDY LUMPS AFF THE CHEESE?


DAD-YOU MUST MAKE THE EFFORT TO LIKE CHARLIE- I MANAGED IT
WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM OUT FOR A DRINK
CHARRRULS-HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO OUT FOR A DRINK?
OH, MR CAMPBELL—I KNEW YOU'D LIKE ME REALLY—I KNEW WE'D GET ALONG JUST FINE—
I'D LOVE TO GO OUT FOR A DRINK
GOOD-CUZ AH'M STAYIN' IN
LATER
YOUR MOVE MR CAMPBELL
Daily Telegraph
CHECKMATE
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MRS CAMPBELL! WHAT CAN I DO? WHAT CAN I DO?
YOU CAN BOIL YER HEAD!


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SNAP
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MUSIC

● Head spud boy Mark Mothersbaugh from DEVO exposes excerpts from his secret diary in the second EXIT, a sub-Raw mixed bag of comics, illos and dada, with an article on Muzak by Genesis P. Orridge and a strip and graphics by publisher George Petros, artist on DEVO's latest compact disc. Send $6 + post to PO Box 1405, NYC 10011 or try Knockabout for imports.



▲METAL HURLANT, the hip French BD monthly, mixed haute couture with Herge this Spring when it asked seven top fashion designers, from Lagerfeld to Yamamoto, to devise new outfits for the ideal '80s mannequin, snazz-jazz singer SADE. **Their sketches were taken by Clear Line stylist** FLOC'H **and turned into a set of cut-out paper dolls in Metal Hurlant No.119.**

John Bagnall roots around with Liverpool's budding late '80s artgroup.

● Check out the record sleeves: a bizarre layered road map/genital diagram where Gray's anatomy meets the Kirkstone pass.

● Watch the live act: lurching figures, one wearing a bloated cartoon headmask, belting out a like-it-or-lump-it row where the sounds include fuzztone guitar, C.B. tapes and toy ray-gun bleeps.

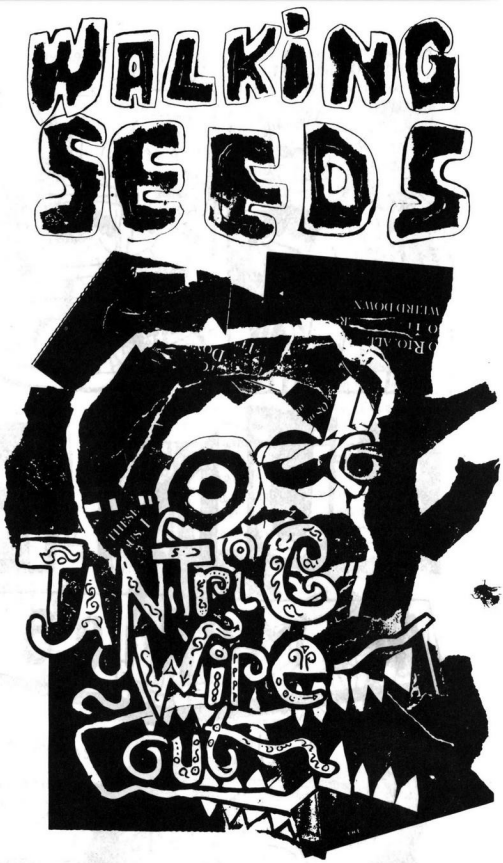
● Read the comic: an 8 year old's scrawled rhyme and a paranoid strip about Liverpool schoolgirls are linked by infectious chatty editorial comments.

These are some of the mad manifestations from a group of people whose musical name is the **Walking Seeds**. More than a rock group, their activities have expanded into the areas of papier maché head sculptures, comics, videos, posters, record sleeves, T-shirts, even DJ-ing. Formerly Liverpool's notorious Mel-O-Tones, the new combo are Barry Sutton (spotty teenage loudmouth), Jon Neesam (heart-throb of the cute'n'wasted set), Bob Parker (the slob with the permanent sneer) and Frank Martin (Irish-blooded hound-dawg in winkle-pickers). Bob and Frank make up the main creative powerhouse – they've brewed up an attitude that is a combination of child-like comic humour and Northern cynicism (they once played Liverpool wearing T-shirts with stencilled images of Mark Chapman, John Lennon's killer). Their influences are just as eclectic: the nastiest of the US Hard-Core, the wiggiest of the acid-test Sixties and the most classic of cartoonists (their self-made video of 'I Walked With A Bugs Bunny Bendy Toy' splices live-action with slashing repeat-loops of Chuck Jones' Bugs Bunny).

All this is a refreshing, if at times crazed, alternative from a city where groups try too hard to please or imitate 'successful' models. Their comics, **Trashcan** and **Weird Fun,** rebel against the coffee-table approach that threatens to replace fun and irreverence with still-born 'style', and the first Walking Seeds 12 inch EP offers a similar alternative: bone-crushing weirdness reaching a wild apex on 'Huge Living Creature'.

Other hipsters are starting to tune into the Walking Seeds' wavelength. Independent superstars Half Man Half Biscuit used Bob and Frank to design the sleeve of their 'Trumpton Riots' EP, and puzzled but enthusiastic reviews appear regularly in the music press. *'Maybe we should market ourselves as an art group',* jibes Bob. *'Then we're sure to get on the South Bank Show'.* Much more than the next Rolling Stones, the Walking Seeds dare you to find out more about them.

'The Walking Seeds Know Too Much' (12 inch EP, PP 19T) is available from PROBE Records, 8-12 Rainford Gardens, Liverpool or independent record shops and they play London on October 15th at the Electric Ballroom. Their latest comic, Trashcan 5/Weird Fun 3, is available from the same address for 50p plus post (and includes a whacked-out cartoon by Will Sergeant of Echo and the Bunnymen).





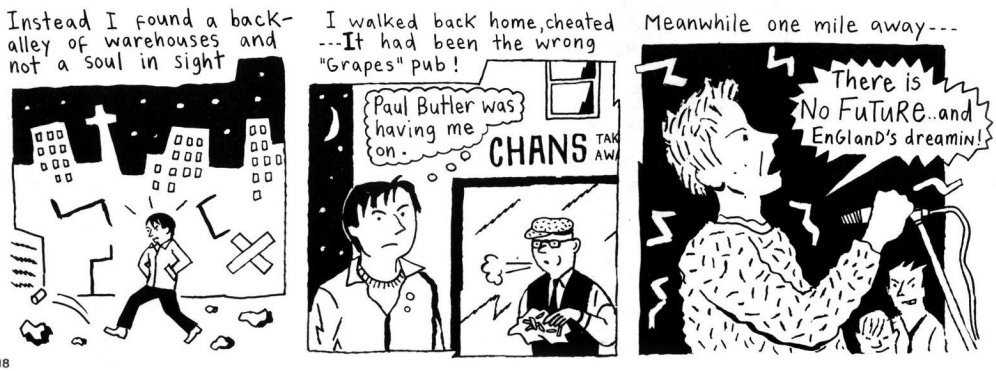
JIMBO, **GARY PANTER**'s punkabilly 'hero', originally appeared in Los Angeles' seminal punkzine Slash from 1978 to 1980 but now, in addition to Raw, he's taken up full-page residence in the upmarket US rock monthly SPIN, starting in July '86. Panter is interviewed in FORCED EXPOSURE 10, which also features a play illustrated by Bob X of XEX Graphix and written by punk diva Lydia Lunch and Nick Cave of the Bad Seeds. Savage Pencil and Mike Matthews are providing the art for their future dramas. Send $2.50 (+ $2 post to UK & Europe) to: PO Box 1611, Waltham, MA 02254, USA or try Rough Trade.

At the mix-up desk in LOCO! No.1 are the roots reggae of Milton Henry with bassman Judah and the twanging guitarras of Los Gonzales (alias Los Palmenos). Together they play 'Burn Baby Burn' on a flexi-disc free with the first issue of London's 'Inna City Bluespaper', which also features 'on de ground' comix by Mike Hawthorne, Ange Pieraggi and Bob Moulder. All this has been cooked up by Mike Hawthorne who also draws the covers. Get your copy from him: £2.00 post free for 20 glossy pages from: 10 Harvard House, Manor Fields, London SW15.




They were the days before "punk" haircuts were seen on young royals
the Video AGe was still to come---
These pop promos are just.. PURE ART!
=gasp=
This was before we all wanted sun-tans on our aerobic figures
RAMBO
and searched for guidance in style magazines.
The SoHo brasserie.. I bet thats a cool place to be seen in!
O-D!
Jazz
Chic Graphix
WACKY HAIRCUTS
PUNK
MeMoRies
where were you in '77?
ReCALLed WriTTeN and dRAWN BY John BaGnall (TEN YEARS ON)


In school that afternoon, I asked Paul Butler...
So where is this "Eric's" that the Sex Pistols are playing at?
Near the Grapes pub, BaGGy-Youre not going are you?
My Dad drove me into town in the car
This looks like it--See you later on!
Are you sure?
I expected to see swarms of these new "punk shockers" as the press called them...
LAST WEEK
can't wait!
Sale


Instead I found a back-alley of warehouses and not a soul in sight
I walked back home, cheated ---It had been the wrong "Grapes" pub!
Paul Butler was having me on.
CHANS
Meanwhile one mile away---
There is No FuTuRe..and EnGlanD's dreamin!

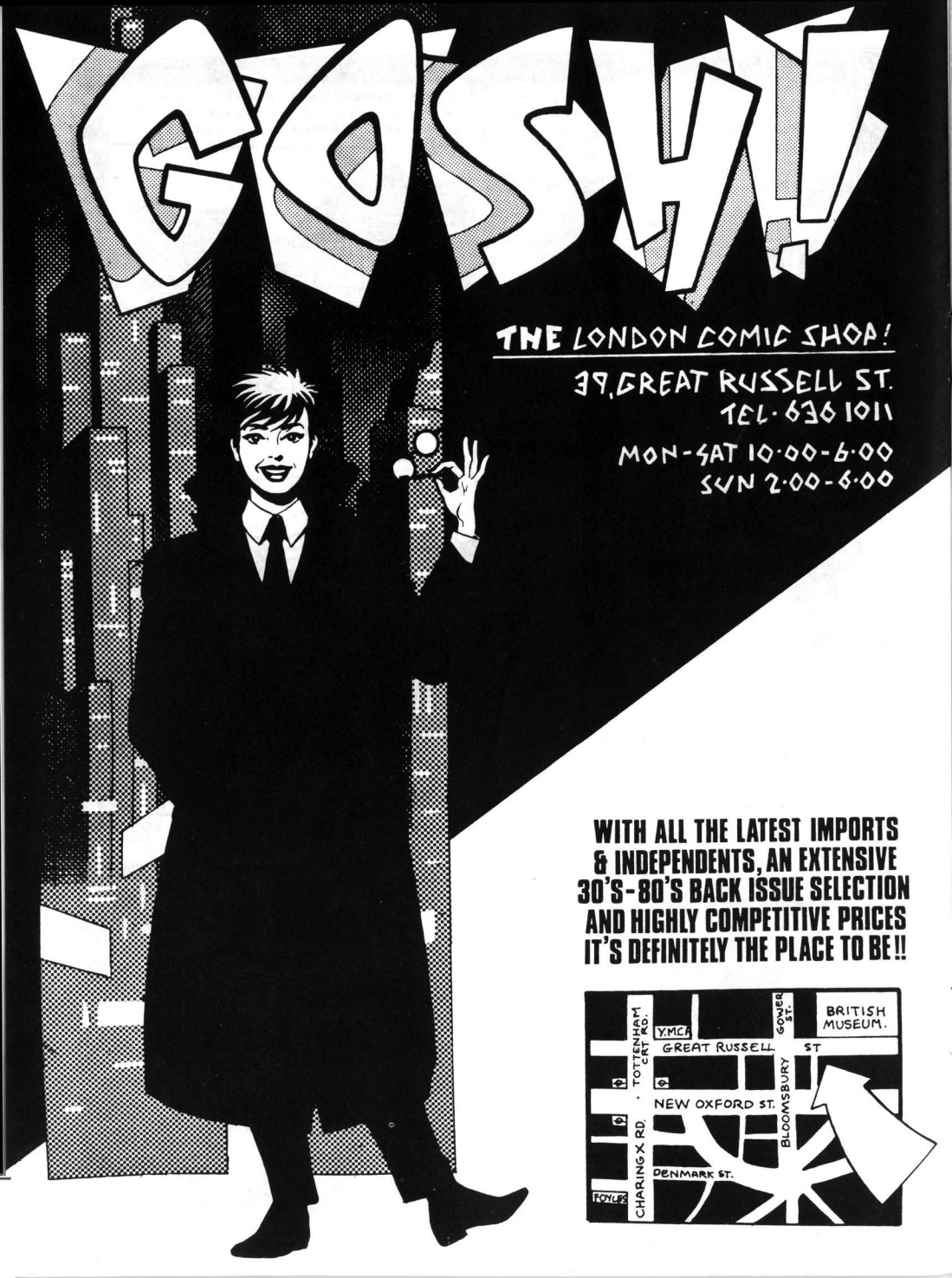

There'd been hints and rumours all year...
Who are these safety-pinned yobs?
DAILY TABLOID THE FILTH AND THE FURY
..of a hostile but exciting new mood
NEVER TRUST A HIPPY
...setting out to destroy what the dull '70's had stood for!
TV
It's said that you're sick on stage - how can this be a good example?
DESTROY
People are sick everywhere.. Sick of this country telling them what to do!
Noise
Aggression
Perversity
What more could a Healthy teenager want?
I must have bored my friends with my new enthusiasm...
BUS STOP
All over the country there's a new energy... kids are forming bands even if they can't play... producing fanzines!
Fascinating!
The fashion wasn't so important to me, but I made some changes..
ooh look-- Johny's had his hair cut because of Punk rock!
Grr.. my sister thinks I've been manipulated! Reactionary Hippie!
Remember all those slogans?
Cash from Chaos.
Sten-Guns in Knightsbridge
No Elvis, Beatles or Rolling Stones in 1977!
X-Ray Spex
Oh Bondage UP YOURS!
I intended to use them in my fanzine (but I never quite finished it)
We come from Garageland!
X
S
k
e
I even tried to write some songs on my Dad's guitar.
Nice to hear you've got a little hobby at last! Tee Hee
I'm a one-chord wonder! --Yeh!
VOX
frantic strum
The Jubilee summer came (or the "summer of hate" as many dubbed it)
Number one this week is "God Save the Queen" by The Sex Pistols but we can't play it 'cos it's banned!


In June Johny Rotten was slashed by "patriots"--
Whatcha call th' Queen?
NF
ROXY
SLITS
LURKERS
EATER
In August I went on my first holiday without my parents - to Ireland.
N
DUBLIN
WEXFORD
CORK
S
Dublin was best.
Wonder what Gaelic for "Anarchy" is?
CITY OF DUBLIN
ST. STEPHENS GREEN
Quack!
And by that winter I was seeing live bands -- some good
You're making out with schoolkids, winos and heads of state!
ORGASM ADDICT
Some were terrible.
Stop spitting! You're flattening me hair.
Get off!
KING ROCKER
There's already been a lot of whining about "the spirit of '76" this year--
'Course, the Pistols were at their best early on - I wuz there at St. Martins, November '75! Now I'm into HIP-HOP..
But there's no point wallowing in nostalgia ... Look what's left of punk today!
Willya take a look at these cute punk-rock postcards
LONDON
What we must remember is that pop shouldn't be a tame animal, something grannies like.
DAILY FIB
SIR BOB GELDOF GREETS PRINCESS DI!
WIN! THIS WEEK GEORGE MICHAEL'S UNDERPANTS
MIAMI-VICE
Yes I'm going to the Spandau Ballet concert: such smart young men!
Surely we deserve better?
Bored TEEN-AGER
Even you hipsters have got it all wrong
Wanna come out tonight?
PAUL SMITH
Er.. let me consult my filofax. 5pm: Sushi at Wong's, 8pm: Cappucino at Silvestro's, 12pm: Jazz night at the Wag..
Maybe one of these days something new will pounce, just when you're not looking!
eek!
END
BAGGY © YEAR: 1986. AGE: 26. origin: UK.

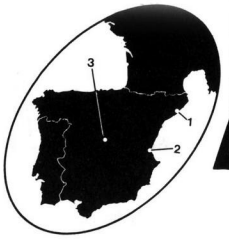

Strange Question
©Richard Sala / 1985
Roland and Jessica were worried about Samantha
She was becoming just a shadow of her former self
(Before)
(Now)
They didn't know that each night she had a visitor
An evil-looking little man would come through her window and mesmerize her with his gaze
Then he would ask her a strange question, which she could never answer
Her inability to answer the question seemed to fill him with evil glee... And seemed to drain her of energy and will
Mute with submission, smothered with amnesia, she could tell no one of his nightly visits


Roland and Jessica worried about Samantha for some time, Then decided that there was Nothing they could do.
On one night, an hour or so before the little man was due to arrive, Samantha lay in bed and pondered the question. No specific answer came to her, but she began to envision a large, black, Red-eyed dog.
The image of the dog grew larger and seemed to hover over the bed where she lay... She concentrated on the beast until she could make out every single hair and every single tooth


Soon the little man arrived, looking more debauched and grotesque than ever — and, leaning very close, he again asked his strange question
At that moment, he became aware of the presence of the black dog and his eyes widened with terror
The dog leapt out of the shadows with a loud roar which Samantha understood as a sort of answer
The little man was pulled to the ground as the dog tore at his throat
Then, snatching up the bloody remains in his jaws, the dog vaulted through the window, into the night.
Samantha turned over on her side and slept the deepest sleep she had ever slept.
the end


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¡El Neo Tebeo!

THE NEW SPANISH COMICS!

WILL RENDALL, architect and Hispanophile, gives his view on modern Spain and the comics Juan built.

Youth culture in Spain is a state of mind. Anyone from a teenager to a pensioner is part of it, celebrating in the liberties of the past decade since Franco died. The variety of expression has also had a wide base, in art, writing, theatre, cinema and music. It is a very different story from the British scene of the '50s and '60s, dominated by teenagers, misunderstood by the older generation and where music outshone the other arts. Although the diehards persist, today in Spain political and moral questions can be discussed with equal interest between one generation and the next. With this sort of background it is not surprising that comics should have a far broader readership in Spain than they do in Britain.

Comics also have another reason for popularity that the other arts do not. The roots of the Spanish (adult) comics happening go back to Franco's time, when comics magazines were banned and went underground. Their centre then was Barcelona, a city where art was more alive and censorship less vigourously controlled than Madrid. It was difficult to put on underground concerts or films, but underground comics could get by relatively well and were to show to their maturity long before other art forms got off the ground. This hard-earned experience gave them special credibility. Barcelona is where comics first blossomed in the second half of the '70s. The pen of the hounded comics artist leapt forth in full stride in the magazine El Vibora when restrictions were lifted after the old dictator died. Early comics artists like Nazario were respected like mystic heroes of the subculture elite, living in and around the Plaza Real in Barcelona's old quarter.

Over the last five years, Barcelona has been losing some of its edge to Madrid as far as inspiration and artistic output go, even though the main publishers are still based there. Catalonia, with Barcelona as its capital, along with other parts of Spain such as the Basque country, have turned towards finding their own national identity. This has meant a renewed interest in their past and traditional customs. Madrid meanwhile has no past, or at least three quarters of today's Madrilenians haven't. Over the past fifty years the city's population has shot up from one to four million. While their parents may come from the country, most people under 25 are without any cultural identity. With the lid off censorship, they are all out to express themselves as vividly as they can in their search to find one. Though now a burnt-out term, La Movida ('the happening' or 'movement') has been a label applied to this phenomenon. Its leaders have claimed Madrid as the cultural capital of the world, the 'California of the '80s', which shows their euphoria. Along with this, the city had an enlightened Mayor, Tierno Galvan, who saw the need to promote Madrid's youth. To this end, the City Hall subsidises the local comics magazine Madriz which prints wildly experimental work, much of it in colour, by exciting young artists. When Mayor Galvan, nicknamed El viejo professor ('The old teacher'), died this January, one million people attended his funeral, young and old.

The acceptance of comics as an art form comes as no surprise when viewed globally. In fact Britain and the States are two of the few countries that distinguish so clearly between art and illustration — a likely reason for the demise of British art, in my view. In Spain the majority of the new comic artists have a background in painting or architecture and are using comics as a natural outlet. Through their work the power of the Spanish artistic tradition is surfacing again. ●

'Tebeo' is the Spanish word for comics, taken from the title of Spain's first children's weekly, TBO, launched in 1917. That year marked the beginning of a colourful strip history, but by the Seventies the grey dictatorship of Franco was surpressing any revolutionary thinking and thus stifling any daring and modern ideas. All this changed with Franco's death on November 20th 1975 which put an end to state censorship and isolationism. Out of this new-found freedom burst an explosion of hot tebeo talents.

Today the three centres for the cutting edge of Spanish comics are Barcelona, Valencia and Madrid. These very different cities have a distinct mood and culture of their own, which naturally percolate up through the work of their comics artists and the magazines that print them. The story of 'El Neo Tebeo' is 'A Tale of Three Cities'.

1 BARCELONA

Catalan capital and Mediterranean seaport, stronghold of Republican resistance in the Civil War and a heady cocktail. There's the rich cosmopolitan elegance and a warm feeling for life and culture, typified by the hallucinatory spires of La Segrada Familia, Gaudi's fantasy cathedral and the broad bustling boulevard, the Ramblas. But these lead off to the city's restless passionate low-life and the neon of seamy nightclubs. Life here happens on the streets and it is out of this torrid side of Barcelona that the underground comics artists sprang up to resist Franco's regime. Despite the variety of their styles, all of them were inspired by the sex, drugs, violence and anything-goes attitude of American underground comix.

The magazine that united this group in 1979 is **El Vibora**, an appropriately perverse title that means 'The Viper' (but with the genderbendering twist of the feminine word 'viper') having a

¡El Neo Tebeo!

masculine 'the' before it. El Vibora's father-figure is counter-culture guru **Nazario** who drew the cover for the first issue. His gay transvestite detective, 'Anarcoma', his oversexed cast and homosexual locations come straight off the streets down by Barcelona's harbour. He skillfully portrays the neighbourhood's seedy atmosphere and outrageous characters and his social (hyper)realism helped make El Vibora Spain's best-selling comics magazine.

Cruising through this same quarter of Barcelona in his specially equipped cab is 'Taxista' created by **Marti**. Like Scorsese's 'Taxi Driver', he takes the law into his own hands



and following the spectral voice of St. Christopher, patron saint of drivers, he sets out to revenge his father's death and rescue his prostitute sister. This macabre strip reads like some nightmarish expressionist 'Dick Tracy' serial.

Max takes his cues from street fashions and youth cults. He started with long-haired hippy humour and a Crumb-like drawing style, and has progressed to the spiky 'Peter Pank', ▲ voted the current favourite in a recent readers' poll. It's a zany send-up of the J.M. Barrie fairy tale, transposed to a satirical gangwar between rival punks, hippies and rockabillies. Max now lives in a village in Mallorca where he is studying Celtic mythology, birdwatching and concocting a second story, this time in full colour, titled 'Licantropunk' starring British punks, mods and Glaswegian football supporters.

Ceesepe paints and draws tender yet violent tableaux of backstreet



gigolos, tarts, urchins and sailors. His many illustrations and occasional strips combine modern art influences from Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, Modigliani with a lyrical feel for the city's sensual nightlife. His work has brought him international acclaim and several gallery exhibitions.

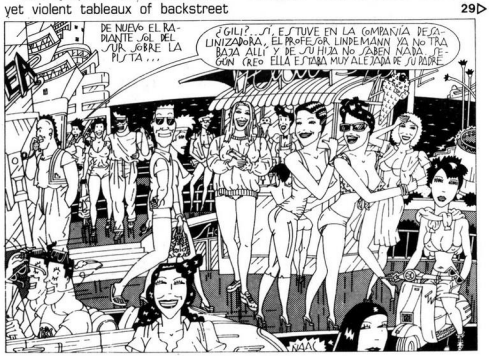
Sleaze fantasies are the speciality of Damian, Pons and Galiano, while Freak Brothers-style craziness is supplied by Gallardo and Mediavilla's lunatic 'Makoki' and 'Los Craignos'. Nine out of ten El Vibora readers are male, and perhaps this explains the appeal of these artists' hard aggressive comics; they reflect and emphasise the darker more violent side of life in Barcelona.

2 VALENCIA

Further down the coast lies the sunny capital of the province of the same name, Spain's third largest city and described in a traditional poem as 'a piece of heaven fallen to earth'. 'Los Valencianos' are a markedly independent people, with a taste for exuberant festivals and parades. The best know is the week-long celebration leading up to St. Joseph's day in March, when everyone builds 'fallas', giant pasteboard caricatures that are carried through the streets before being set alight amid noisy partygoing and sparkling fireworks.

The carnival spirit of the 'fallas' shines through the spontaneous energetic work of Javier Mariscal

29▷

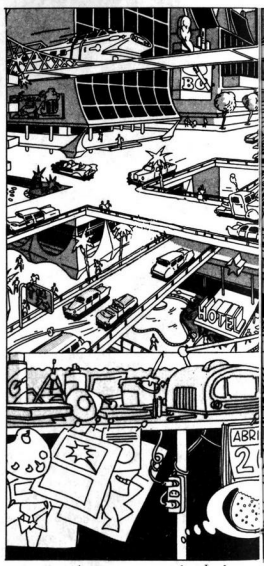


▲Miguel Catalayud

D A N I

One of the luminescent stars of the new comics, 'El Neo Tebeo', is Daniel Torres. Just turned 28, he's Spain's first major modern comics export making a name not only in his own country but also in the USA, Europe and now Britain. In his home town of Valencia, Torres studied Fine Art for five years at the Academy San Carlos, two of them were spent specialising in Architecture. He was delighted by comics right from the start, his favourites being the classic American newspaper strips available in translation — Alex Raymond's Flash Gordon, Milton Caniff's Terry & the Pirates, Chester Gould's Dick Tracy. It was only later that he got to know of Europeans like Herge and Edgar P. Jacobs. His first break came in 1980-81 in EL VIBORA, where he drew several short strips and the book-length **El Angel Caido** ('The Fallen Angel'), a Thirties B-movie thriller whose hero Claudio Cueco is a man with the head of a pterodactyl. Then in 1982 he changed publishers and joined CAIRO, forum for the school of the Franco-Belgian 'Clear Line' from Herge onwards and for their new Spanish disciples.





It was there that the modern Torres began with the retro-future of **Opium**. Sir Opium is a Oriental maniac, a Fu Manchu villain in top hat, tails and monocle who with his crazy schemes terrorises a city. The only man who can stop him is TV anchorman and heart-throb Ruben Plata, who despite himself manages to win the day. Although the stories are straightforward good-versus-evil, with some camp satire about television, the record industry and comic-publishing, Torres sets them in a dazzlingly inventive urban environment. ▶ Buildings, street scenes and interiors have a nostalgia of the Fifties, but blended with a flair for the science future. Cars are huge shark-finned gas-guzzlers but these hover and fly, viewing the city below from an alarming perspective. Buildings can look like giant jukeboxes or be covered by enormous 3D advertising hoardings.

Opium is Torres in transition. He is leaving behind the less-polished aspects of his earlier strips and now has new preoccupations – a classical Hollywood approach to the scenario and a crisp 'Clear Line' for the detailed illustrations.

His first full-length story in colour was **Triton**, serialised in CAIRO in 1983, and it is here that all the ingredients really spark. Torres washes in his fine penlines with watercolour and gouache paints directly onto the artwork, creating beautiful and subtle effects. **Triton** is the first of four adventures of Roco Vargas, a

EL TORRES

◀ retired space pilot, now living a new life as Armando Mistral, science fiction writer and nightclub owner. The story begins with Mistral polishing off his latest novel, titled 'Star Thieves'. It's an ironic opening as Torres, Vargas/Mistral's creator, is affectionately 'stealing' from the 'stars' of classic comics, films and pop culture to build his own universe.

The name Vargas makes you think of those famous Vargas glamour-girls and perhaps Charlton Heston's role in Welles' 'Touch of Evil'. He resembles Clarke Gable, with a jutting Dick Tracy chin, and like Clark Kent wears spectacles in his disguise as Mistral. Mung, another Oriental villain, the 'Mongo' nightclub and the design of Rocco's spaceship all refer directly to Raymond's Flash Gordon. Like Joost Swarte's character Jopo de Pojo, the familiar figure of Herge's Tintin in his plus-fours is distorted, this time into Mistral/Vargas' coffee-making servant, Samson, a green-skinned Martian (all too obviously the equivalent of being black). And like Captain Haddock at Marlinspike, the nightclub, has a butler named Nestor. Straight out of the movies Mistral's secretary Ruby is a platinum blonde and for the finale to the first book there is a Star Wars-style space battle.

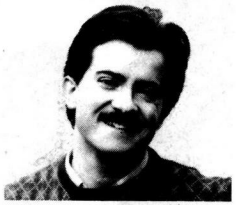
But there is much more to Torres' work than simple pastiche. All his designs for fashion, furniture, cityscapes and interior design mix together classical and modern and add a special irony to the traditional adventure formulas he uses. He has created a modern hero by cleverly combining the great mythical heroes of American comics with the tradition of strong story construction of Herge and E.P. Jacobs. And like his favourite science fiction writers Philip K. Dick and Ursula K. Le Guin, he enjoys taking real situations and events and reusing them in his world, as in the war in Indo-china, transplanted to Venus in the second Roco Vargas adventure, **The Whisper Mystery**.

Torres gave up his cool crystalline penwork after **Triton** and opted for bolder, more sensuous brush-strokes. The switch took place first in a small format two-colour album published in 1983 by Magic Strip of Brussels. **Sabotage!** is a chic setpiece involving a conspiracy by North Vietnamese spies to steal a revolutionary car engine (yet more fiendish orientals).

Torres has continued to use the brush ever since on the Roco Vargas series. After the third book, **Saxxon** in 1985, the four-part cycle concludes this year in CAIRO with **The Faraway Star** a flashback to Vargas' youth which delves into his character and the strange history of this parallel galaxy.

After that? Many other projects, including the possible return of Opium and more Roco Vargas. Comics are his occupation but he's also illustrated posters, record sleeves, silkscreen prints, magazines, children's books and a range of Roco Vargas merchandise. In pure illustration he can experiment more wildly with refracted cubist images, influenced by Picasso, Braque, Juan Gris and graphist Ever Meulen.

A criticism of Torres and many of the other new Spanish comics artists of the 'Valencia School' is that they seem to be aping the popular Franco-Belgian 'clear line' style, particularly of French artists like Serge Clerc and Yves Chaland. Torres is swift to point out that he's arrived at his style by assimilating a much wider range of sources, including several early Spanish strip artists such as his favourites Benejam, Opisso and Josep Coll from the Fifties.



A more serious criticism is his prolonging of the racist clichés of the black servant and the evil 'Yellow Peril'. These stereotypes have a long history, back before even the earliest strips of Herge's Tintin and Alex Raymond's Flash Gordon. But neither their cultural tradition nor their 'ironic' use can justify their perpetuation today. Some years after his second adventure, 'Tintin au Congo', Herge regretted his caricatures of Africans and consequently it remains untranslated. Torres, in his naive eagerness to adopt the nostalgic qualities of the best in popular culture, should have considered these negative aspects and been more selective.

However, Torres is still young. Since 1980 his work has gone through great changes, from the anything-goes anarchic underground of EL VIBORA to the grey-suited Catholicism of his present French publishers (A SUIVRE). He has achieved a great deal in these six years and his many futures look bright. O

With special thanks for help with this profile to Baxter, Rafael Martinez, Elias Garcia, Mat Schifferstein, Har Brok, Philippe Morin, Pierre-Marie Jamet and Uncle Tom Cobbley.

Ph. Carlos Saldi.

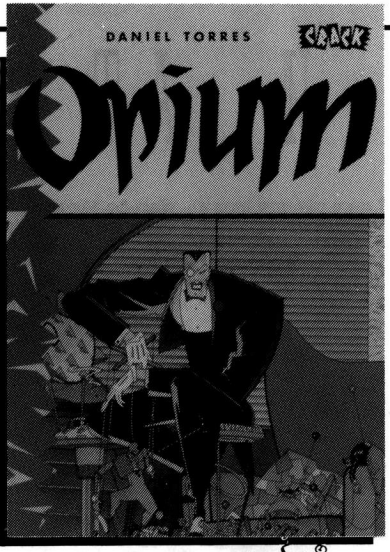




▲ The Whisper Mystery ▶



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DANIEL TORRES trained as an architect before he turned his hand to comics, and it shows to great effect in his stunning futuristic cityscapes. In this thriller, RUBEN PLATA, TV star, and his companion, BLANCHE WHITE, battle against the master of evil SIR OPIUM. With poisoned water supplies, hypnotic pop records and mass kidnapping of comic strip artists, the baddies plot to take over the world.

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¡El Neo Tebeo!

<126 and Miguel Catalayud, two relative 'veterans' and the most influential Valencian comic artists from the early seventies. **Mariscal's** characters include 'Fermin and Piker — Los Garriris', distant cousins of



Mickey Mouse and Krazy Kat, who date girls, go to parties, go fishing with their dog Julian and no matter what happens, things always turn out for the best. As Glenn Dakin describes him, Mariscal is *'a man with his feet on the beach and his nose in the future'*. **Miguel Catalayud** comes from the world of posters and children's book illustration. His joyful, deceptively simple drawings have a crystal-clear magic to them, reminiscent of the animation in 'Yellow Submarine'.

Brooding realism has little place in their comics, nor in those of the new crop of fresh Spanish artists loosely labelled 'The Valencia School'. **Daniel Torres** is the best known member, but the rest are following in his footsteps. Their flagship since 1981 has been the magazine **Cairo**, published in Barcelona but with its heart in Valencia, whose title conjures up a spirit of fun and suspense in far off lands. Alongside these young upstarts Cairo imports the clear-line style of Herge, Jacobs and Chaland from France and Belgium and reprints early Spanish classics

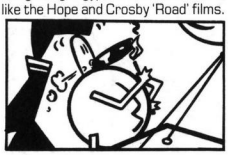






which began the Latin equivalent, 'la linea clara'.

▲ **Mique Beltran** has created three book-length romps of B-movie burlesque about murder, blackmail and mystery in exotic locations like Hong Kong, Egypt and Macao — a bit like the Hope and Crosby 'Road' films.

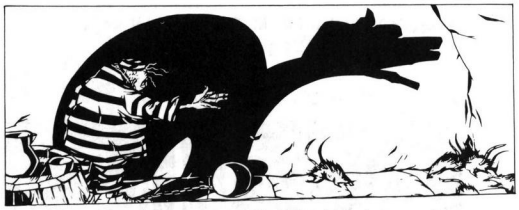


They star the glamourous blonde actress-adventurer Cleopatra, inspired by Hollywood stars Kim Novak and Marilyn, with her pint-size telekinetically-powered son Mark Antony. Like Torres, Beltran borrows from American greats like Will Eisner, Al Capp, Milton Caniff, sprinkled with some European flavouring.



▲ **Sento** has revitalised the romance comic genre by avoiding any slickly-sweet sentimentality. His intimate short stories tell of young love and first kisses, but he never gets slushy. Instead he uses his 'voice-off' narrator to remain aloof and observe the awkwardness and irony of the dating game. Sento's drawings may be slick and angular, but he has a sensitive control of facial expressions and body language.

Michartmut, on the other hand, stylises his strips to the point of headache-inducing abstraction. His series include the zoot-suited spy 'Glen Radar' and the crazy metropolis ▼'Futurama' with its chain of robotic hotels. His text takes second place to daring graphic experiments; not all of them work but they are never dull. Together with Pere Joan's Michelin-man fantasies and Montesol's crisp social satires, the artists of 'The Valencia School' come out of the city's playful enjoyment of popular culture.



3 MADRID

The highest capital city in Europe (about 2,000 feet) and one of the newest. For a long time, Madrid, isolated on its mountain in the middle of Spain, was overshadowed by Barcelona as a cultural centre. But today it is optimistic and alive with a high proportion of young people. Since 1984 Madrid's culture-loving equivalent to the GLC has encouraged young local artists by subsidizing the comics magazine **Madriz** (pronounced 'Madrith', the way the people talk about their city). These generous grants have allowed dozens of new talents to experiment with different visual media — crayons, oils, watercolours — and different forms of story and non-story, to push the chemistry of word and picture about as far as it's yet been. This support lets them take enormous commercial risks and still keep the cover price of Madriz lower than any other tebeo monthly.

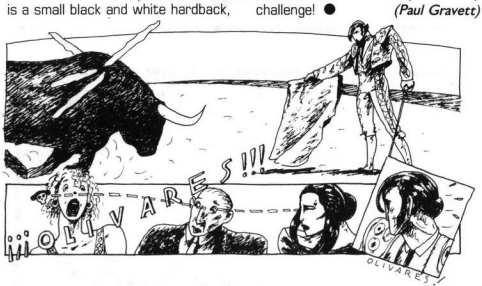
Here are some of the hottest new names on show. **Fernando Vicente**, on this issue's cover, is only 22 years of age and already something of a phenomenon. His vignettes of saxplayers, fashionable dames and cool hipsters spice up these images of Americana with a rich Hispanic menace. Architecture graduate ▼**Javier de Juan** has a softer more subtle approach. He tends to keep the writing and drawing separate, like in an illustrated book. He has a beautiful sense of colour, drawing Hockney-like scenes in pastels, washes or crayons. In one of his stories, Godot finally returns but after waiting so long nobody could care less! And his only album to date is a small black and white hardback, 'Sic Transit', about a famous matador's last bullfight.

Ana Juan uses harder expressionist imagery in her comics, but never without some subliminal human insight. Her first album, ▲'Requiem', written by Spanish is a mime shadowplay of revenge with sinister stage designs straight out of 'Dr. Caligari'. **Keko's** style is less exaggerated but still as striking, especially on another Gordillo silent story 'Magic Glasses', where he▼

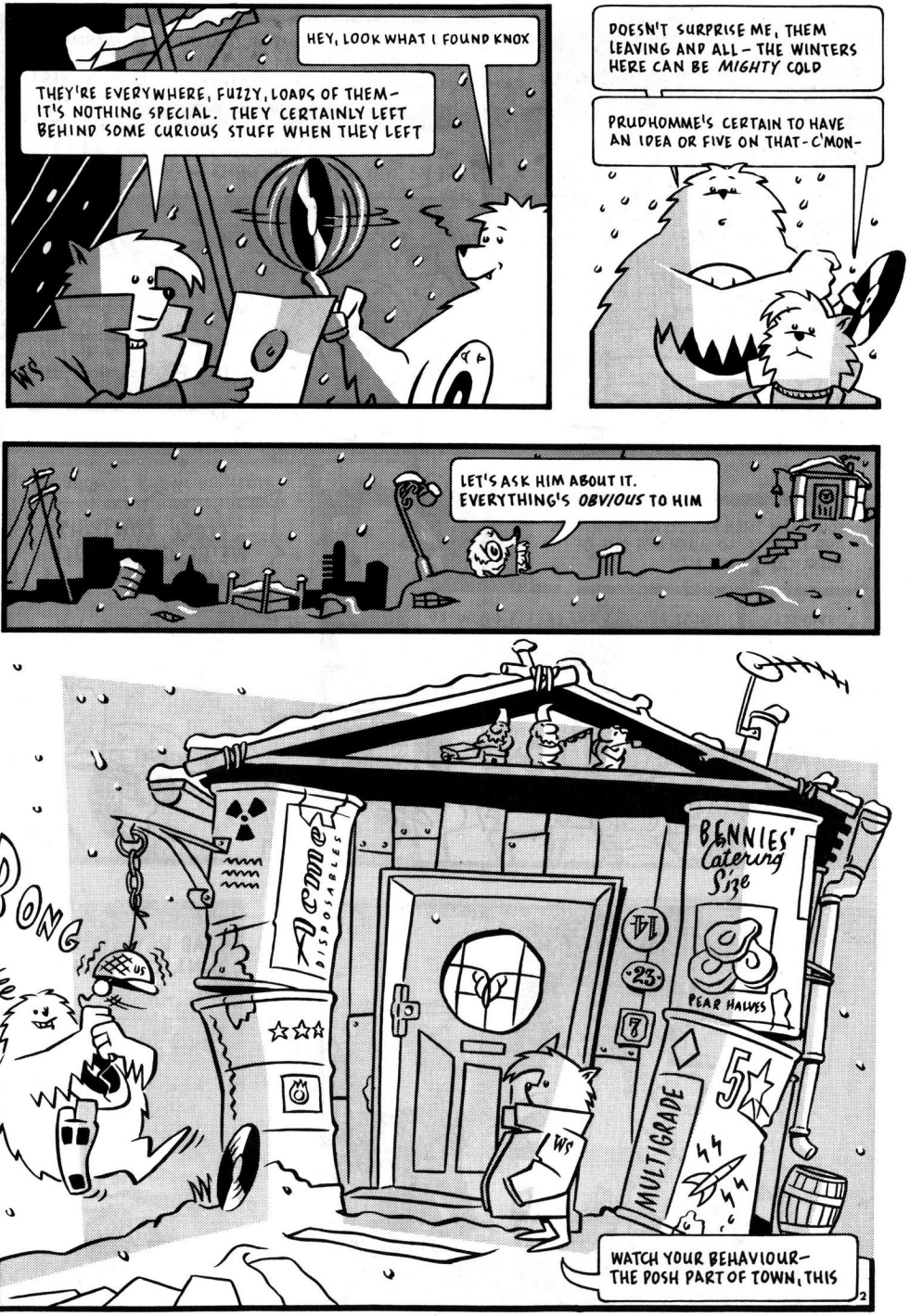


shows a mastery of solid black similar to Charles Burns. Several other talents stand out, such as Raul Fernandez and Federico del Barrio. It is inevitable however that, with a total free rein, some of the other contributors can be obscure or mediocre, but it's a small price to pay. Above all, Madrid, with its magazine Madriz, is a city of optimism and opportunity.

Whether you take your pick from the sex and street-wisdom of **El Vibora**, the style and romance of **Cairo** or the freedom and avant garde of **Madriz**, El Neo Tebeo is flourishing the red cape in the bullring of international comics, equal to any challenge! ● *(Paul Gravett)*

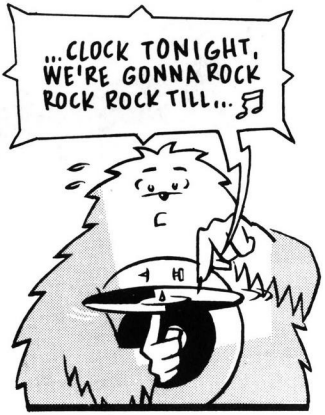


G.B.-T.B.O: Sadly none of these Spanish magazines are regularly imported into the UK but a limited range turn up in Compendium Bookshop, London. Otherwise pick them up on your holidays or go direct: EL VIBORA, Ediciones La Cupula, S.A., Pza. Beatas, 3. 088003 Barcelona (Foreign subs 4500 Ptas). CAIRO, Norma Comics, Paseo de San Juan, 9. 08010 Barcelona (Europe subs 5800 Ptas, U.S. subs 7000 Ptas). MADRIZ, Concejalia de la Juventud. Plaza de Jacinto Benavente, 2, 4a planta, Madrid-12. (No sub rates, but 200 Ptas a copy + post). The alternative is your local comics shop. So far El Vibora is the most translated magazine: Nazario's 'Anarcoma' from Catalan Communications, Max's Peter Pank in Knockabout Books from 10 onwards, a Spanish section in Rip Off 10, Marti's 'Taxista' in Rip Off 11 and 12 and Ceesepe's 'Little Star In New York' in Heavy Metal (June '82). From Cairo Mariscal is translated in Raw and Torres in: 'Opium' from Knockabout, 'Triton' from Catalan Communications and 'The Whisper Mystery' in Heavy Metal (May '85 to Sept '85). As for the other Cairo artists, several of their albums are available in French editions from Dargaud, Dernier Terrain Vague (Mariscal) and Artefact, who also put out a fine El Vibora Anthology. And the good news from Madriz is that they're planning a bi-lingual 'Best Of' compilation

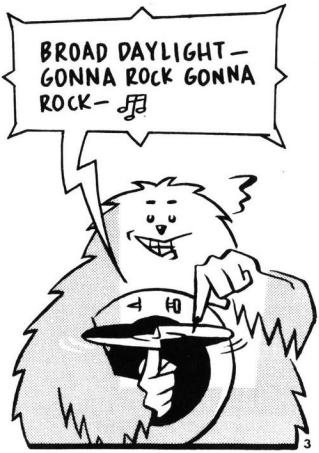

HEY, LOOK WHAT I FOUND KNOX
THEY'RE EVERYWHERE, FUZZY, LOADS OF THEM- IT'S NOTHING SPECIAL. THEY CERTAINLY LEFT BEHIND SOME CURIOUS STUFF WHEN THEY LEFT
WS
DOESN'T SURPRISE ME, THEM LEAVING AND ALL - THE WINTERS HERE CAN BE MIGHTY COLD
PRUDHOMME'S CERTAIN TO HAVE AN IDEA OR FIVE ON THAT - C'MON-
LET'S ASK HIM ABOUT IT. EVERYTHING'S OBVIOUS TO HIM
BONG
DOME DISPOSABLES
BENNIES' Catering Size
PEAR HALVES
MULTIGRADE
WATCH YOUR BEHAVIOUR - THE POSH PART OF TOWN, THIS
2


AH, KNOX, WARMINSTER— COME IN, COME IN! EXCUSE THE DISORDER, IT'S MY HOME HELP'S DAY OFF, YOU KNOW. HORRIBLE WEATHER...
WARMINSTER THINKS THATS WHY EVERY-ONE LEFT
HE MAY BE RIGHT FOR ONCE - IN FACT I'M SURE HE IS! WHY, IT'S REALLY QUITE OBVIOUS...


YOU MEAN THEY ALL WENT ON HOLIDAY AND LIKED IT SO MUCH NOT ONE OF THEM CAME BACK?
OBVIOUSLY
THOSE BEACHES *ARE* PRETTY CROWDED
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BENIDORM


...CLOCK TONIGHT, WE'RE GONNA ROCK ROCK ROCK TILL...




BROAD DAYLIGHT— GONNA ROCK GONNA ROCK—

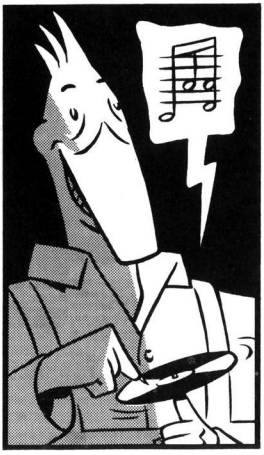

AROUND THE CLOCK TONIGHT—
WHOOP


I SAY, YOUNG MAN- GET THAT AWFUL NOISE OUT OF HERE!!

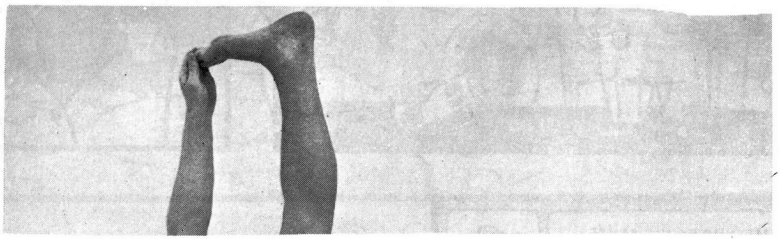

PRUDHOMME KNOWS HIS STUFF- IF HE THINKS IT'S AN AWFUL NOISE THEN IT PROBABLY IS... BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING HE'S MISSING THE POINT SOMEWHERE...

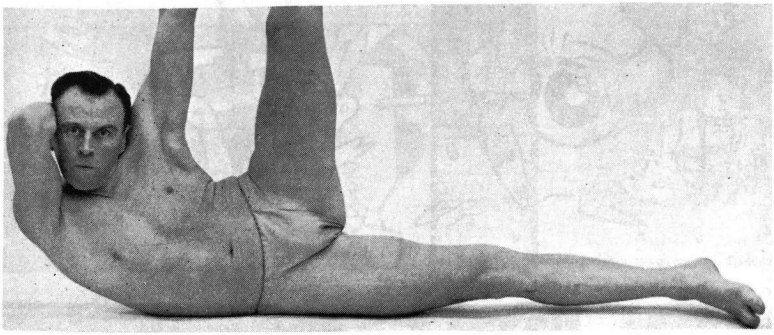



HEH




♫ ...THE FOOL ON THE HILL... ♪
4





DEMOB

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DREW and JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN

Any Similarity To Persons Living Or Dead Is Purely Coincidental

There's always a fascination in weaving fictions around the lives of real people, if they are great or notable people, such as E L Doctorow's juxtaposition of J P Morgan, Harry Houdini and Emma Goldman in his novel 'Ragtime', or director Nick Roeg's fantasy about Albert Einstein, Marilyn Monroe and Senator McCarthy, 'Insignificance', then the results can make for a revealing commentary on the twentieth century and the mythical figures that populate it. On the other hand, if, like the Friedman brothers, one chooses to focus on such lesser players in the rich drama of contemporary life as Ernest Borgnine or the guy who used to play Darren in 'Bewitched', then the end product can be every bit as fascinating.

Stippled with eye-crippling intensity by Drew Friedman, the illustration throughout conjures up the precise haunted quality of light emitted by a black-and-white TV set at three in the morning, on which a cast of semi-celebrated players act out dramas that mingle fact, rumour and downright lie with a refreshing contempt for the defamation laws. Sometimes, as in their one-page study of life's miseries including suicide, terminal cancer and Frank Sinatra Jr., the effect is scaldingly vicious while remaining irresistibly funny. On other occasions, such as when chronicling paranormal sightings of William Bendix that are alleged to have occurred since the great character actor's death, there is genuine charm and a great sense of reverence on display.

Josh Alan Friedman's writing is effortlessly funny and incisive by turn. By focusing almost exclusively on forgotten entertainers of no great consequence the elder Friedman brother somehow manages to strike moments of real human resonance. In the 'Lou Costello Junior Story' narrated by the tragically drowned infant son of the famous B-film comedian, a potentially mawkish or macabre story is told affectingly and with great style. In 'Oodles of Doodles' the crushing significance of 'That impending holocaust' is accentuated by its association with someone as obscure and culturally trivial as Spike Jones' bandsman Doodles Weaver. Throughout the book, insinuations of the momentous are evoked by studies of the insignificant and the insane.

Between them the Friedmans have created a hypnotic half-world where Tor Johnson haunts the New York subways, where a dying Oliver Hardy strolls through the park dressed in his wife's clothes and where 'Game Show Hosts Walk Among Us'. If you've ever wondered what your cooling cathode ray tube dreams about during those hours when it's switched off, or share **Realist** editor Paul Krassner's contention that sometimes it takes a preposterous lie to reveal the greater truth, then this is the book for you. *(Alan Moore)*

92 page paperback available in comics shops or direct for $11.95 + post from Fantagraphics Books, 4359 Cornell Road, Agoura, CA 91301.





OSCAR ZARATE

Dr Faustus by Christopher Marlowe

It's all a question of interpretation. The performance of a great piece of drama can stand or fall depending on the understanding and team effort of producers, directors, actors, set and costume designers, make-up, props. To adapt a play into comic book form, the artist has to take on all these roles, right down to a player's subtlest expression.

To follow up his period rendering of Shakespeare's **Othello**, Oscar Zarate deliberately chose **Dr Faustus**, because in it he saw parallels to recent history. No sixteenth century trappings here; instead, working with series editor Richard Appignanesi, he has succeeded in making Marlowe's classical language accessible by complementing it with modern references. Faustus' 24-year pact with Lucifer now runs from 1961 to 1985. His rise and fall mirror that turbulent period of hopes and betrayals, from the heady optimism and affluence of the '60s through to the harsh inevitability of the '80s.

Zarate uses a kaleidoscope of visual quotes, changing the celebrities and scenes Faustus encounters in a similar way to Woody Allen's film 'Zelig'. He picks his actors from famous faces: for example Mephistopheles is played by a Ziggy Stardust alien, the French Emperor Carolus by Charles de Gaulle and Helen of Troy by Maggie Thatcher. And there's a cast of thousands, from Hell's Angels and Hare Krishnas to punks and riot police. For backdrops he incorporates real events like Kennedy's assassination, the first heart transplant, the May '68 riots, the Vietnam and Falklands wars. And when at the end Faustus is claimed by the Devil, he is surrounded by nuclear power plants and Star Wars weaponry. It suggests that with our nightmare technology, we may share Faustus' fate. When he goes, he'll take all of us with him.

As well as his vibrant pencil-work and inkwash colours, Oscar experiments with photocopies, collages of newspapers and magazines, switching into black-and-white, trying new graphic effects to bring the playwright's words to life. Perhaps using different lettering styles could have put over different voices, accents and emotions; instead the text is set in the same inexpressive typeface throughout. But it's Oscar Zarate's vital images that do the interpretation and his one-man show is an exciting performance. *(Paul Gravett)*

Abacus Books £7.95 100 pages Softback From bookshops or from Sphere Books Ltd., 27 Wrights Lane, London W8 5TZ.

LAT

Lots of Lat and The Kampung Boy

Lots of Lat is a collection of Lat's studies of his home country Malaysia alongside postcard-type views of London, Holland and Paris. As well as his personal observations of Malaysian life, its religious and cultural festivals, Lat comments on inflation, football, the family, movies and Elvis Presley, all with a humour that is sharp but refreshingly free from malice (a tonic when some humour relies too heavily on ridicule and debasement). **The Kampung Boy** is more recent and comprises Lat's memories of his childhood in a small village in Perak up until his early teens when he leaves for boarding school. In this book we discover more about the rituals, religious ceremonies and day-to-day life in Malaysia through the young Lat's eyes.

Lat's drawing couples perfectly with his written observations. His roving line results in sweeping expressionistic illustrations and elsewhere in detailed celebrations of buildings and people. In each drawing Lat encourages us to browse and glean extra information about what is happening. This is a real community and each person is treated with dignity so that even background figures are important, especially when some reappear throughout both books.

Lat's work can cross international and cultural barriers because it has an essential soulfulness that touches chords in all readers. As with the best creators Lat cares for the people and situations he draws and writes about, none are throwaway. Every element is important, to Lat and subsequently to the reader. *(Phil Elliott)*

Both books are 140 pages landscape paperback and cost $40 Singapore + post from Berita Publishing, 22 Jalan Liku, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.



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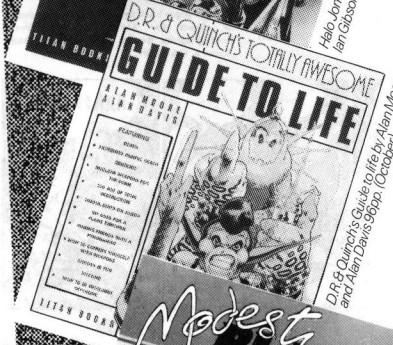
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LATEST 1986 ISSUES



Halo Jones Book Three by Alan Moore and Ian Gibson. 68pp



D.R.& Quinch's Guide to life by Alan Moore and Alan Davis 96pp. (October)



Modesty Blaise Book Four by Peter O'Donnell, Jim Holdaway and Enrique Badia Romero 96pp. (November)



YVES CHALAND

Like most BD artists, Chaland's working in a long tradition, in which comics exist as lavishly produced full-colour hardback books; almost any comic would look good like this. And don't expect originality, as this tradition owes an enormous debt to Herge and Jacobs, with well-established precedents, familiar story-telling techniques and somewhat cliché settings.

All the same, Chaland still impresses me. **Le Jeune Albert** is a collection of short half-page strips, reprints from **Metal Hurlant**. Young Albert is a character from another Chaland book 'Bob Fish', and these strips are episodes from his childhood. Our nearest equivalent might be Dennis the Menace in **The Beano**. Because of his anarchic leanings, Dennis has been appropriated as an emblematic hero by second generation punks. But compared to Albert, Dennis is just playing at it. Dennis may disrupt law and order and flout parental authority, but he sticks by his allies, proving in the end that he's a 'good guy'. Albert half-murders *his* friends, abuses their trust and treats them with utmost contempt and deep suspicion. He's a more complex character, harder to sympathize with immediately.

As the strips unfold, fragments fall into place and aspects of Albert are revealed. Quite unsolicited, he pompously dishes out bogus advice and long-winded sermons to his friends. One school chum is about to eat his rice cake: *'Have you considered the dangers of bad digestion?'* says Albert, then he tramples the cake into the ground. He doesn't want simply to trick his friends — he wants to be in the right and make a grand gesture of unloading his cruel and misguided ideas.

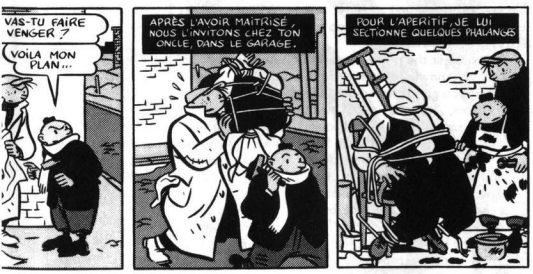
Le Jeune Albert

Then there are the episodes of sheer sadistic brutality. Albert shoots his cousin in the eye with an arrow, then gleefully tells him how much better his monocular vision will be. Then on holiday, his three chums are systematically done away with, buried in sand, half-drowned, beaten with a cudgel. Yet Albert is the one who fetches help. Perhaps he sees nothing wrong in the way he behaves, or else he's being fiercely practical. He seems monstrously cruel, yet there's more to it. This is very cruel black humour, but when it stops being funny we're left with something more complex. It is important to me that Chaland is facing up to all this brutality, even if it is exaggerated. And sometimes Albert's world seems needlessly tragic. The way his father dies is a horrific episode, yet it's presented quite matter-of-factly. Just like Voltaire, it's heavily ironic, saying *'This is the way things are'*.

'Vengeance' is the best story. Eight pages long, it charts Albert's obsession with exacting revenge. He imagines all sorts of fantastic tortures. His obsession lasts long after his ever-unseen opponent's death. He suffers nightmares about crossing a desert which eventually, like his obsession, seems to consume him completely. But at the end he says *'I'll clear this up by myself'*. Chaland apparently displays some admiration for Albert's independent spirit.

Chaland hasn't always interested me; his artwork seemed clever and stylish but generally empty of content. But the real intelligence at work in **Le Jeune Albert** proves otherwise.

(Ed Pinsent)



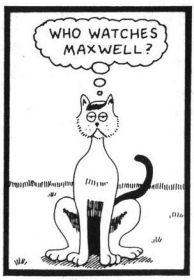
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MAD Volume 1 and BLAB! No.1

Imagine some horror-hungry kid twenty years ago clutching a kitchen knife. With one keen swipe he cuts open the parcel that has just arrived and out onto the floor flop...magazines 'n' comic books, all American stuff, the kind the kid wouldn't normally be let within spitting distance of. Th' kid's parents know how such material affects their offspring. How once he gets hold of something like a monster magazine, he's reluctant to let it go. Tonight however he is allowed to look at the parcel's contents and choose one item. He's helped out in the shop and deserves some reward.

The kid looks at the printed treasure before him, knowing that his choice has got to be a good one. Laying aside the various hot-rod and men's adventure mags, the kid flicks through the humour books with titles like Sick, Cracked and Fooey. Nah! And no monster mags this batch either (a parental sigh of relief is audible). Guess he'll just check the paperbacks and call it a day.

Suddenly the kid hits luckly, too lucky. Into view comes a paperback book with a crazy maniac with sticky-out ears on the front, titled **The MAD Reader**. The kid picks it up and flicks through it to discover the craziest pictures he's ever seen; he wants this bad, but underneath there are other **MAD** books, **Utterly MAD**, **Inside MAD**. In an insane plea to his parents the kid promises to work every day in the shop after school forever, if only he's allowed to keep what is, after all, rightfully his, sent down from heaven by some guardian angel to inspire and influence his life from that day on. One hour's pleading later and the parents give in. The kid weeps genuine tears of gratitude and flees upstairs to devour **The MAD Reader** under the bedclothes.

As you may have figured out by now, the kid was me and the memory of **MAD** still burns. As it does with many contributors to **BLAB! No.1** who have penned their individual recollections of **MAD** and the rest of the legendary EC range of comics. EC was the father of what was later to become the inspiration for 'the underground comix movement and **BLAB!** has asked 26 pioneers of the underground, including Robert Williams, Gilbert Shelton, Kim Deitch and Bill Griffith, to write their short memoirs.

Among the accolades and nostalgia pangs, however, lurks the ever-present spectre of Dr. Frederic Wertham, whose book 'Seduction of the Innocent' slammed the comics as a Communist plot to pervert the young of America, eventually forcing the EC group to toe the line. They refused and instead chose to close titles, **MAD** surviving by turning into a humour magazine.

BLAB! comes as a delight and a warning. History seems to be repeating itself and the hammer is coming down hard on the heads of anyone whose ideas don't gell with the rest of the jelly. Flick through Russ Cochran's beautiful colour repro of the first six issues of **MAD**, supplement this with **BLAB! No.1** and let your own wheels work it out. I think you'll be screaming to keep hold of what you've got in your hands.

(Savage Pencil)

MAD Volume 1 £21 224 pages Hardback from comics shops or $30 post paid to Russ Cochran, PO Box 469, West Plains, MO 65775, USA
BLAB! No.1 84 page digest magazine $6.95 + $2 p&p from: Monte Beauchamp, PO Box 25537, Chicago IL 60625, USA.



DAGGER!

By Lawford Gates Edited by Malcolm Bennett and Aidan Hughes



I lit a fag, sank a beer, and crashed the bus into a dog. Then I burst through the door of a hut, ripping the gat from me mac.

"DAGGER!" I roared, running up the fucking stairs. "DIRK DAGGER!"

And that's when I saw HER!

She was fourteen and BUILT! My lung whistled as she inched stickily towards me.

Just then, me gat shit bullets everywhere! She stopped a gobful and popped.

Next, I see this other bloke and spring into action. I cut, hooked and kicked him. Hard. Pretty soon I was breaking arms, legs, and ribs. Later, I snapped off fingers!

Anyway, back at the pub, I burst a pack of spots and poked a black in the pocket. Then I cleaned up me lager and left.

Outside I lit up a plug and sucked at it. Hot hard bullets of rain hit me mac. A baby cried. A pub shut. Another bus crashed...Thoughts flew through me head like footballs.

WHY had it all been so easy?

WHAT did the girl fit in?

WHERE was Deep Waterhouse, the fighting writer?

HOW would I kill him when I got him?

And WHEN would I get the fiver for doing it?

That's when it hit me. I needed an answer.

I needed all four!





I gunned the heap over to Pug's Gym and shot out. Loudly, I ran up the fucking stairs. "STOP BOXING!!!" I went, firing into a contender. "Where's that TWAT Waterhouse!?!"

A seven-foot heavyweight bungled forward and went. "He's punching his mate in the ring."

Just then Deep Waterhouse climbed through the ropes, gloves dripping. Instantly, I shot his foot, hip, ear, and watch off, but he got up and opened my face with his fists. I wanted his mates to pull him off, but he didn't have any. He punched me outside. Then he punched me insides, too.

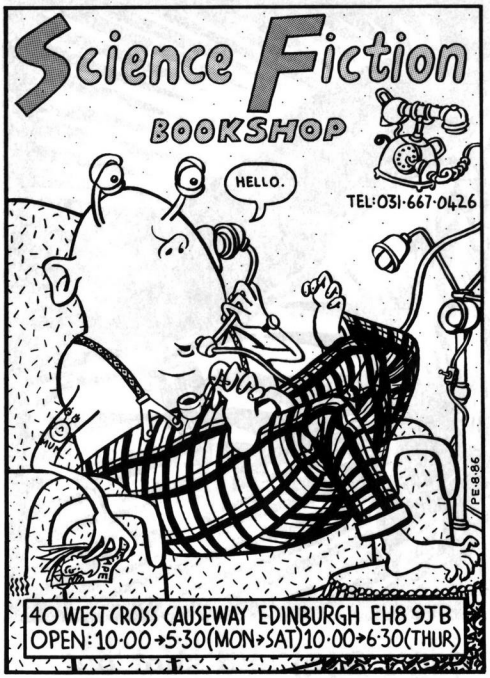
Then, unfortunately, a bloke burst in with two guns. "STOP THAT, DAGGER!!!" he roared. "The contract's off! You squashed a Copper's dog! FLAT!"

"What about the fiver?!" I flapped, surrealistically.

"Forget it, sucker! This is the punchline..."

BANG!!!

The End



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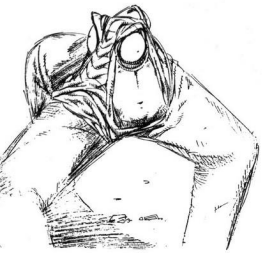
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YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED . . .

HYPER SAPIEN

KEVIN O'NEILL is the creator of the bizarre monstrosities and robots in **2000AD's** 'Nemesis the Warlock' ▶ and DC's Graphic Novel 'Metalzoic', both written by Pat Mills. His work makes him a natural to design creatures for the movies. *'I've always been interested in how movies are made and years ago I used to publish a special effects fanzine called* **Just Imagine**,' Now he's been creating some of his own.

'In elaborate special effects films, a lot of the design isn't done by the production design team, but by illustrators and sketch artists before you go into full production.' It was at this stage on the film 'Dune', when Dino DeLaurentiis took over the project, that Kevin was approached by Ridley Scott. Scott had access to the designs by Moebius for Dan O'Bannon and Jodorowsky's version, but he wanted to add his own ideas. In the end the film went to David Lynch and Kevin went to work on 'Mirrorman' by Michael Wadleigh,





director of 'Woodstock' and 'Wolfen'. *'It was an incredibly elaborate ambitious film, budgeted at over $13 million, and many of the action scenes take place in the fourth dimension, which exists solely as a mathematical abstraction! There were massive temple sets, giant ten-storey paddle-steamers, lots of robots and flying cars; it was being made during a period when there was a revival of the big-budget roadshow movie. But 'E T' killed all this because it was set in ordinary surroundings and didn't cost nearly as much to make.'* So Lorimar dropped it, at least for the time being.

Wadleigh's ideas have been scaled down for a new film, **Hyper Sapien** (meaning 'higher awareness'). Kevin O'Neill has worked on ◀ pre-production sketches of the alien star Kirbi. The creature is a trilat, a three-limbed alien that is really difficult to film but comes to life thanks to elaborate sculptures and audio-animatronics. He runs like the Isle of Man cartwheel down a hill, swims the breaststroke, gets dressed up in cowboy boots and jeans. Michael Wadleigh wrote the screenplay with his girlfriend Dulcinda Gose and was originally to direct the film too. It has now been directed by Peter Hunt, director of the early Bond films. **Hyper Sapien** is in post-production and awaiting release in the States. Meanwhile Kevin's intense images have proved too strong for American newstand comics. He's the first artist to have a blanket ban put on his artwork by the Comics Code Authority, who are refusing to approve anything he draws! But his next two projects will still come out, selling only in specialist comic shops, thereby avoiding the need for Code approval. So watch out for **Ultimus Rex,** a six-issue DC series written by Cary Bates about super-advanced dinosaurs who hide among us in human form, and then for Marvel's Epic a strange future detective series by Pat Mills.

ROBERT CRUMB will follow his infamous feline 'Fritz the Cat' onto the cinema screen, if his friend Terry Zwigoff's plans come off to make a live documentary film about his life. To help raise finance for the project, he has managed to persuade Crumb to design his first ever movie poster. It's for **Louie Bluie,** Zwigoff's documentary about Howard Armstrong, a country-blues fiddle player and also a cartoonist. Prior to this, Crumb has rejected many lucrative commercial offers, from **Playboy,** The Rolling Stones and Lucasfilms among others, refusing to 'sell out' his artwork. But Crumb and Zwigoff have been friends since 1974 when he joined Crumb's band, The Cheap Suite Serenaders as cellist and musical saw player. **Louie Bluie** has played in US arts cinemas but is yet to



open in the UK. But you can get copies of Crumb's poster and the soundtrack LP, T-shirt and ladies' hip-hugger panties emblazoned with his artwork. Send an IRC for details to Zwigoff at 290 Mullen, San Francisco, CA 94110. All proceeds from mail order will go towards funding the Crumb bio-pic, so order those panties now!

For nearly two years a team of over 100 animators have been working on a full length animated version of Raymond Briggs' haunting anti-nuclear tragi-cartoon **WHEN THE WIND BLOWS,** which finally opens this November. It combines animated drawings with photographed model sets and is produced by John Coates, well-known for his work on 'Yellow Submarine' and the Oscar-nominated 'The Snowman'. Providing the voices of the cosy couple Jim and Hilda Bloggs are Dame Peggy Ashcroft and Sir John Mills. The title track is by David Bowie with the main score by Roger Waters of Pink Floyd, Paul Hardcastle and others. Definitely one film to see this Christmas time.



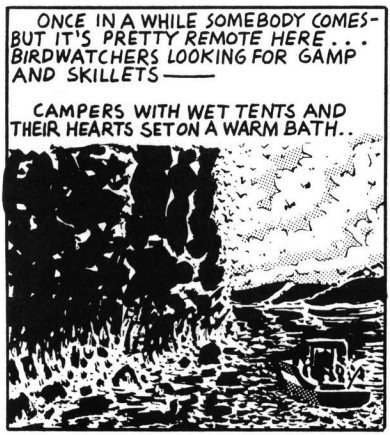


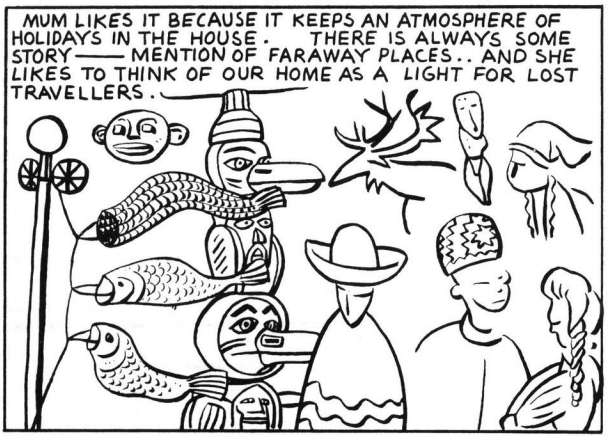
THE SPIRIT, the classic comic-strip detective created by Will Eisner, has been made into a 90-minute television film from Warner Brothers. Donning blue mask and gloves for the title role is Sam Jones, who played Flash Gordon in the movie and Nana Visitor plays Ellen Dolan. The pilot film was scripted by Steven de Souza, whose credits include '48 Hours' and 'Commando'. It aired in September on ABC in the States and, if it proves popular, may lead to a regular series. Eisner's original is being reprinted in the monthly SPIRIT comic from Kitchen Sink. That deserves a plug too!

Skiff

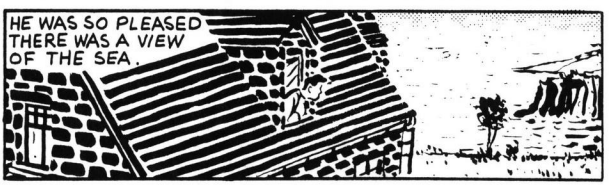
WORDS BY GLENN DAKIN.
PICTURES BY PHIL ELLIOTT.
















AT FIRST HE SAID HE HAD COME TO GET AWAY FROM ABERDEEN FOR THE WEEKEND.


HE HAD BEEN STAYING WITH A GIRL.

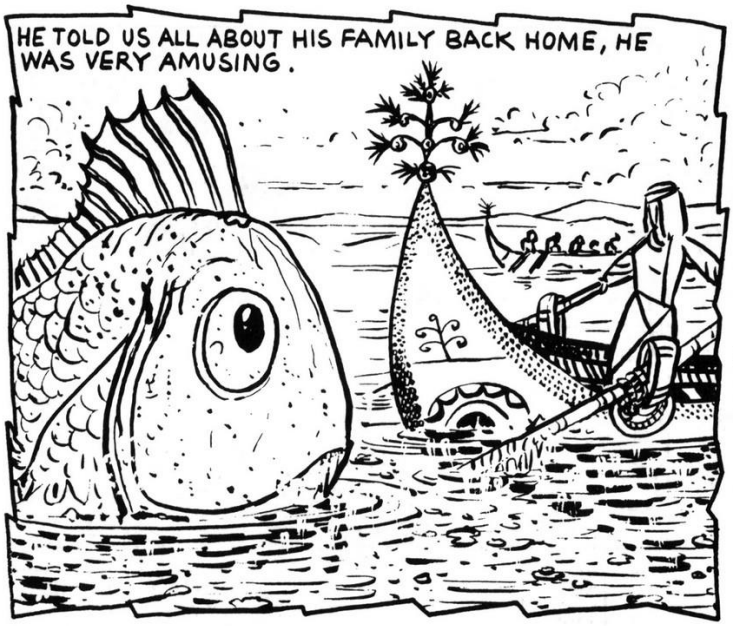

SHE USED TO BE HIS GIRLFRIEND – BUT NOW THEY WERE JUST FRIENDS.


SHE HAD GONE TO SKIFF'S COUNTRY IN THE SUMMER – TOLD HIM ALL ABOUT SCOTLAND.


IT HAD ALL SEEMED SO BLEAK AND ELEMENTAL, A PLACE TO GET LOST IN AND FORGET THE WOES OF THE WORLD . . .


BUT IT WAS TOO HARD.


PEOPLE NEED WARMTH REALLY – WARMTH OF FRIENDS AND FAMILY.


HE TOLD US ALL ABOUT HIS FAMILY BACK HOME, HE WAS VERY AMUSING.


SOME THINGS WE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

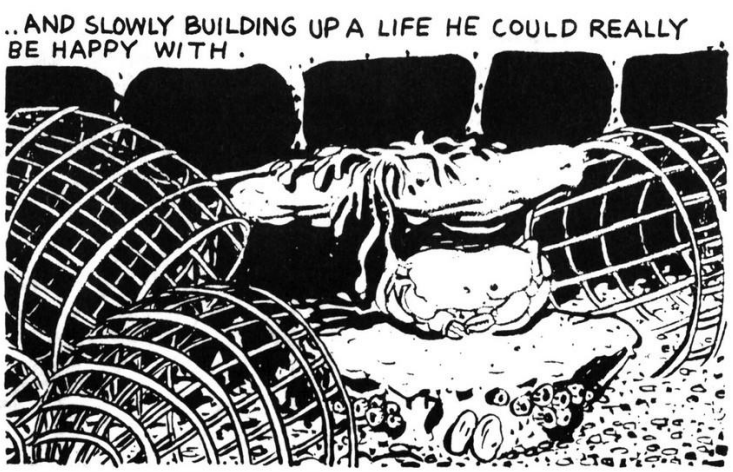

BUT IT WAS ENOUGH JUST TO SEE SKIFF SO ILLUMINATED.

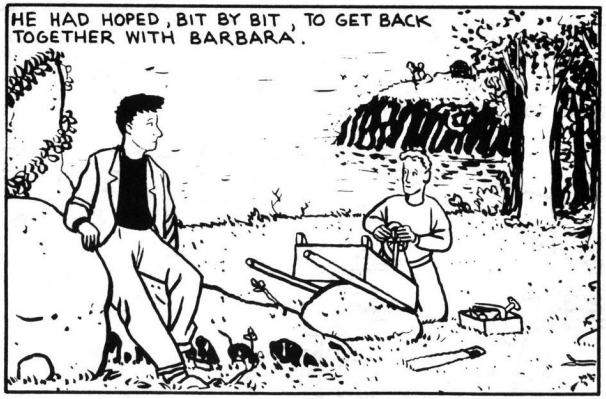

NONE OF US COULD UNDERSTAND WHY HE HAD LEFT.


MY DAD TOLD SKIFF HE SHOULD GO BACK HOME—


BUT SKIFF SAID HE REALLY DID WANT TO TRY THE LIFE HERE.


HE TALKED ABOUT THE SEA, THE MOUNTAINS, THE WINTER STREETS..


..AND SLOWLY BUILDING UP A LIFE HE COULD REALLY BE HAPPY WITH.


HE HAD HOPED, BIT BY BIT, TO GET BACK TOGETHER WITH BARBARA.


THERE'S A WALL BETWEEN US NOW —I DON'T THINK SHE REALLY EXPECTED ME TO COME OUT HERE.

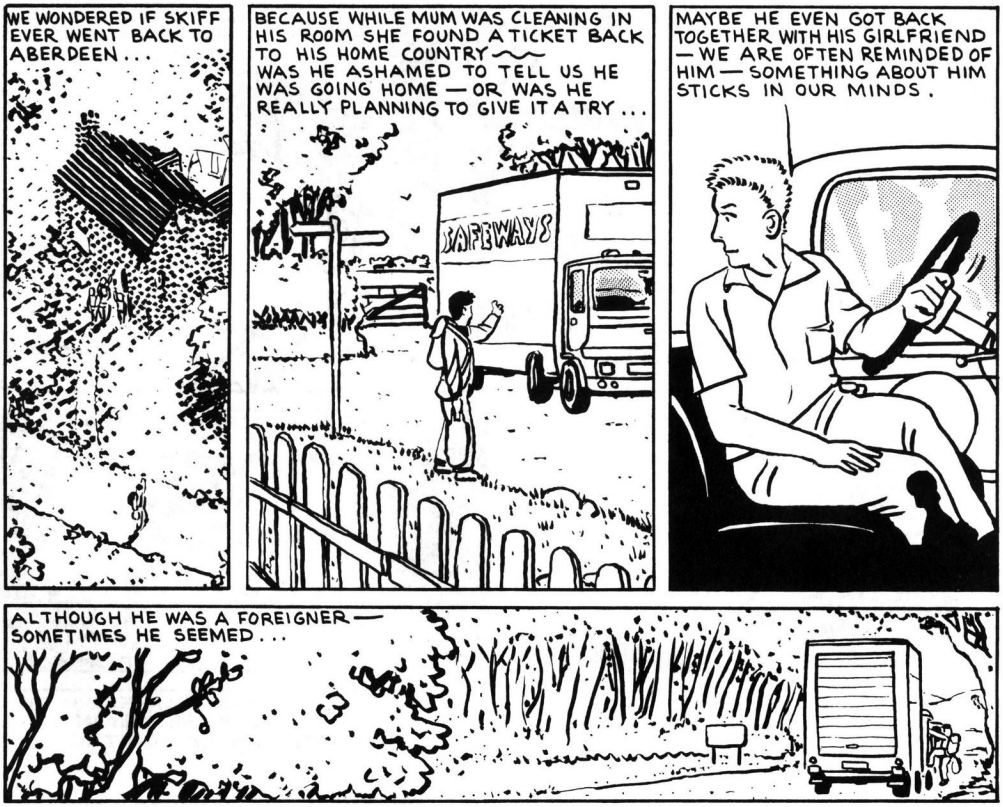

AND IT TURNED OUT THERE WAS ANOTHER BOY.


I FELT LIKE A SEA SERPENT CURLED UP IN THE HOUSE.


AFTER THE DREAMS OF LAST YEAR IT WAS TERRIBLE TO SEE HER CAUGHT UP IN THE DETAILS OF AN EVERYDAY WORLD.


SKIFF WOULD DISAPPEAR IN THE LIBRARY WHERE THEY HAD BOOKS FROM HIS OWN COUNTRY.


SKIFF STAYS UP LATE AND WRITES TO HIS FRIENDS.


WE WONDERED IF SKIFF EVER WENT BACK TO ABERDEEN...
BECAUSE WHILE MUM WAS CLEANING IN HIS ROOM SHE FOUND A TICKET BACK TO HIS HOME COUNTRY~~ WAS HE ASHAMED TO TELL US HE WAS GOING HOME — OR WAS HE REALLY PLANNING TO GIVE IT A TRY...
SAFEWAYS
MAYBE HE EVEN GOT BACK TOGETHER WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND — WE ARE OFTEN REMINDED OF HIM — SOMETHING ABOUT HIM STICKS IN OUR MINDS.
ALTHOUGH HE WAS A FOREIGNER— SOMETIMES HE SEEMED...
THE VERY SPIRIT OF THIS COUNTRY.
GOOD LUCK SKIFF!

AN AMERICAN STORY



FAST FICTION



Now in its sixth year of service, FAST FICTION has united the UK's flourishing independent comics movement, thanks to its regular stall at London Comic Marts in Central Hall, Westminster (next dates October 11th and December 6th from 12 noon, admission free) and to its bi-monthly newsheets (free for an SAE from Escape). FAST FICTION has also been forging links with small press publishing around the world, so to reflect these wider horizons, this page will include international publications. Wherever you're from, send in a copy of your comic and we'll help spread the news.

Weird, wild, savage, pseudo-naive, primitive, post-punk, GRAPHZINES are neither comics nor illustration nor 'Art', but all three re-animated into a new hybrid by a thriving community of Parisian graphists. Far removed from the traditions of mainstream French Bandes Dessinees, the group publish their GRAPHZINES (from GRAPHic magaZINES) as pocket-size novelties, meaty paperback books, or limited edition journals, printed, xeroxed, silkscreened, onto paper, acetate film, cardboard, cellophane-wrapped, hand-painted, even with a giveaway plastic toy. Products of the Eighties' resurgence of expressionist graphics, their close spiritual fathers were the French Artgangs BAZOOKA, founded in 1974, and ELLES SONT DE SORTIE ('They're off!') from 1977 on. Three of the most prolific graphists are Philippe Lagautriere, Philippe Gerbaud and Jocelin, who all put out their own anthologies of work by this group linked by common themes.

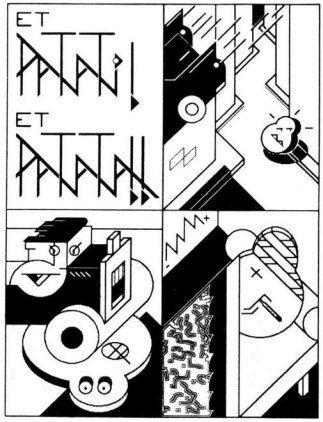
Two excellent new self-publishers have just appeared in their first comics. In **SHORT STORIES** Paul Grist draws six strips in a fresh 'clear line'. His subjects range from that first cigarette and teenage party romances to schoolyard memories and Burglar Bill, a thief with a heart of gold. For your copy, with a hand-coloured cover, send 40p + post to: 207 Marlcliffe Road, Sheffield S6 4AH.



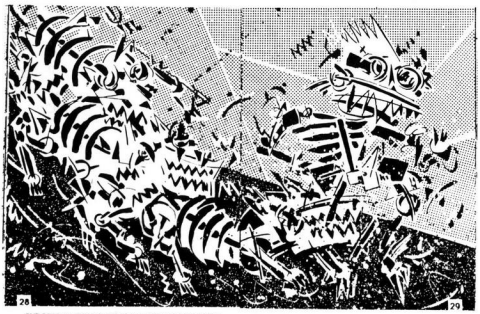
Steve Way is one half of the **PARIS, MAN OF PLASTER** team with Glenn Dakin, but **MR. SLUGG** is his first solo performance. Slugg is a gross alternative comedian. His sick sense of humour embraces channel tunnel pile-ups, nuclear missiles, cowboy builders and plastic money in a 22-page rant etched in strong scratchy black. To order, send 65p + post to: 26 Hemstal Road, London NW6 2AL and find out why *'many are called, but it's his kind that stand up.'*

Lagautriere bangs away on his crazed collages with his collection of over 2,000 tampons (French for rubber stamps) in **TAM-TAM, Appetite for Images**. Each mini-format issue is about a part of the body — the head, hand, foot, etc. — though his latest, No.5, is a Berlin Special collecting sketches from a recent group visit there for an exhibition.▼





Philippe Gerbaud and his sidekick Toffe clicked over to computer-generated graphics two years ago and now they're completely McIntoxicated in **AU SEC!** ('Help!'). They celebrate the bicentenary of the first potato eaten in France in their fourth paperback issue, a Special Pomme de Terre, with Tubercults, a breakout from a chip factory, a rebellious Marlon Kartoffen Junior and 'The Prisunik of Death'.▲



◀Electrified frantic bodies thrash and scream out of the pages of Jocelin's **AMTRAMDRAM**. With a dozen graphists, including Yank guest Panter, he explores the theme 'Up & Down' in No.5, accompanied by a babbling voice-off running underneath. The text reduces to animal noises in No.6, a tour-de-farce cat and dog fight between Koyot and Katzy, in a 150-page book of solid Jocelin.

Although the graphists are now in all the BD/rock glossies and smart galleries, it's their love of things printed that keeps them beavering away at their own personal graphic experiments in these unique graphzines. TAM-TAM, 15 francs + post from: 183 bis Avenue Gambetta, 94700 Maisons-Alfort. AU SEC! No.4, 40 francs + post from: 5, rue Volta, 75003 Paris. AMTRAMDRAM No.5, 40 francs and No.6, 80 francs + post from: 16 rue Lantiez, 75017 Paris.

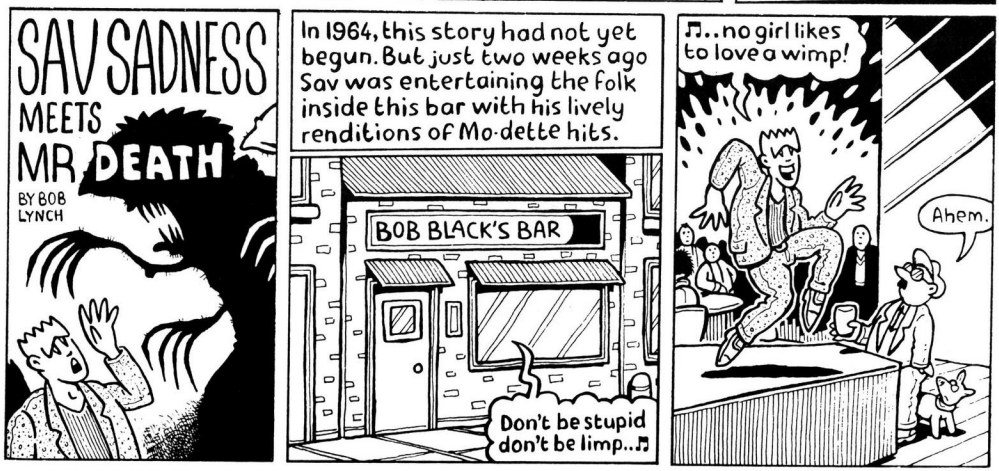
STEVE SPECIAL'S DRESSING ROOM...

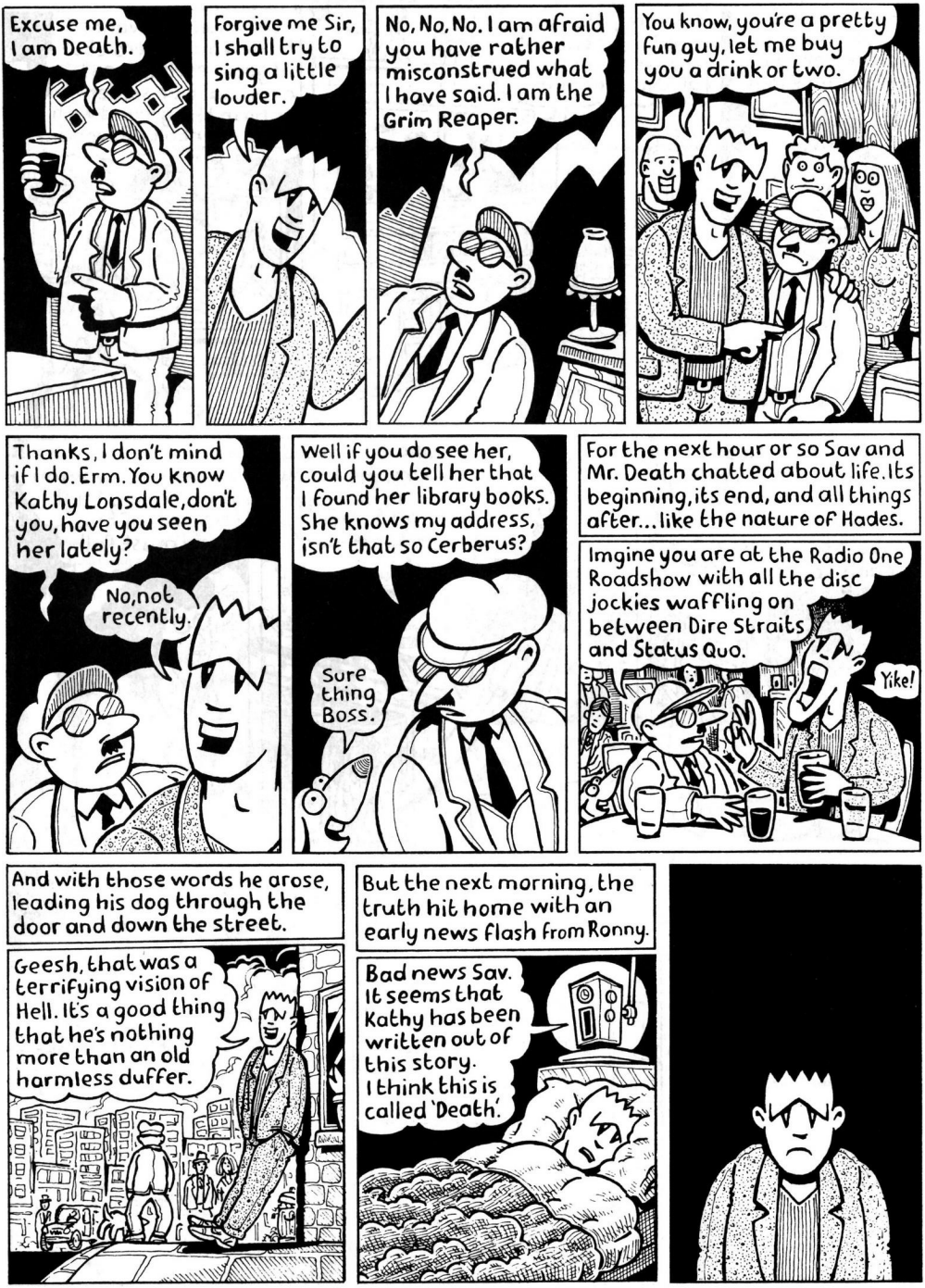


From the country that brought you Harry Seconbe comes **BANG!**, the handiwork of Cardiff's moral minority, Mark Robinson and Sotiris Micallef. Local response to their comic has included some printers actually refusing to print issue 3, claiming it encouraged Satanism because of a cheeky introduction by a dapperly-dressed demon. But surely they must have missed the point? Sotiris' sketches satirise futuristic pop and mass-media stars, Hip Priests and robot performing microphones, drawn in his jagged brush style. Mark has spent his childhood consuming American B-comics from the '50s and '60s and now he is inventing his own. In 'The Blob' a gelatinous janitor mutated by Diet Cola seeks revenge on his callous boss and unfaithful wife. In 'She Only Wanted Love' a shy lovestruck professor gets her guy with some help from the goddess Aphrodite. **BANG! 4** is their latest, and a few copies of **BANG! 3** are still available, 50p each plus post from: 53 Heol Coed Cae, Whitchurch, Cardiff, South Wales CF4 1HQ.




Well, I don't know about you folks, but I'm certainly in favour of logs.
Yes folks... it's the PRO-LOG!
I'm sorry Rosalind, but this is the only job we have going at this moment.
STEMPS TEMPS
Grr!
Look chum, if I wanted to be a Super Hero-ette I'd get meself bitten by a radioactive spider, or bash the ground with an ancient bit of wood.
You only have to do this until Shatter Girl pulls herself together. And The New Champions do have a good private health scheme.
I suppose somebody has to fight for our freedom and justice. And £120 a week.
Sigh. For tis upon the shoulders of woman and her kind that the evils of this world must fall.
And now, let us go on with the main plot


SAV SADNESS MEETS MR DEATH
BY BOB LYNCH
In 1964, this story had not yet begun. But just two weeks ago Sav was entertaining the folk inside this bar with his lively renditions of Mo-dette hits.
BOB BLACK'S BAR
Don't be stupid don't be limp..♫
♫..no girl likes to love a wimp!
Ahem.


Excuse me, I am Death.
Forgive me Sir, I shall try to sing a little louder.
No, No, No. I am afraid you have rather misconstrued what I have said. I am the Grim Reaper.
You know, you're a pretty fun guy, let me buy you a drink or two.
Thanks, I don't mind if I do. Erm. You know Kathy Lonsdale, don't you, have you seen her lately?
No, not recently.
Well if you do see her, could you tell her that I found her library books. She knows my address, isn't that so Cerberus?
Sure thing Boss.
For the next hour or so Sav and Mr. Death chatted about life. Its beginning, its end, and all things after... like the nature of Hades.
Imgine you are at the Radio One Roadshow with all the disc jockies waffling on between Dire Straits and Status Quo.
Yike!
And with those words he arose, leading his dog through the door and down the street.
Geesh, that was a terrifying vision of Hell. It's a good thing that he's nothing more than an old harmless duffer.
But the next morning, the truth hit home with an early news flash from Ronny.
Bad news Sav. It seems that Kathy has been written out of this story. I think this is called 'Death'.

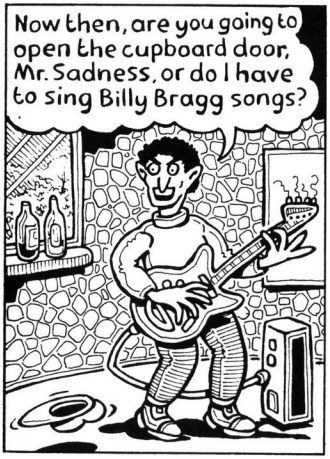

Sav went to visit Kathy's friend.
I can't tell you much, the last thing she said to me was that she was going out to pick up her lost library books.
Good Grief...! That little man must have been telling the truth. By going to get her books, Kath was on the path to Hades.
BUS STOP
FOR EVER THAT BOOK IS MINE
BOP
He must have dropped his gristly, black garbed image to blend into today's world.
SAV'S FLAT.
I'm sorry Mr Death, but Mr. Sadness has gone out to visit a friend. I don't know when he'll return home.
Be sure to pass my message on to him when he arrives then.
His landlady passed on the message.
Mr. Death says that he has found your travel pass. He says his address is....
My travel pass! I had it on me when I was on my way home, yet it has now gone!
Yike!
Not only is there my travel pass to worry about, but also my cinema membership cards, my photographs of Juline and the kids and my raffle tickets.
Sav took a bus to save time.
A return ticket to Hades, Charon, thanks very.


No one ever returns from Hades, fool!
For untold days and nights the bus travelled through the landscape on to Sav's destination.
Hmmm..... The cutbacks seem to have hit hard here.
Oh well, better go and face the destiny that awaits me.
Cerberus looked the same, but there were three bowls of Doggomeal.
Sav standing at Death's door.
I am ever so glad you could make it here Mr. Sadness, your travel pass is in the cupboard.
Snifsniff.... Hmmmmm. Fire, brimstone, the distant screams of eternal damnation.
Oh no way, Mr. Death! There's no way I'm gonna go near the cupboard where you keep the dead's souls!
Dear me, Mr. Sadness, you do seem to be under some strange illusions. Please take a good look inside and find out.
I SAID NO WAY!
Dear, dear. it looks like I have to change into something a bit more persuasive.




Tsk, tsk, tsk. Not quite what I was after. Better try again.
Hmm.



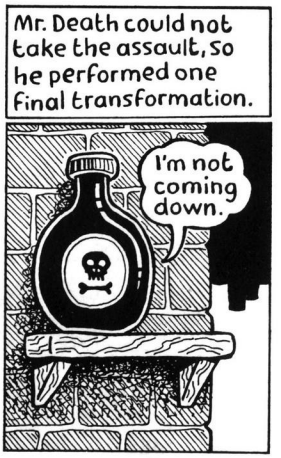

Now then, are you going to open the cupboard door, Mr. Sadness, or do I have to sing Billy Bragg songs?


My good God! He has become a demon busker! Who can save me now?


RAN-TA-TA-TA-TA-TAAH!
Heavens to Betsy! I'm needed in the main plot of this story!


Eat sarcasm Brain-drop!
Eeek! It's Temp Girl!!
??

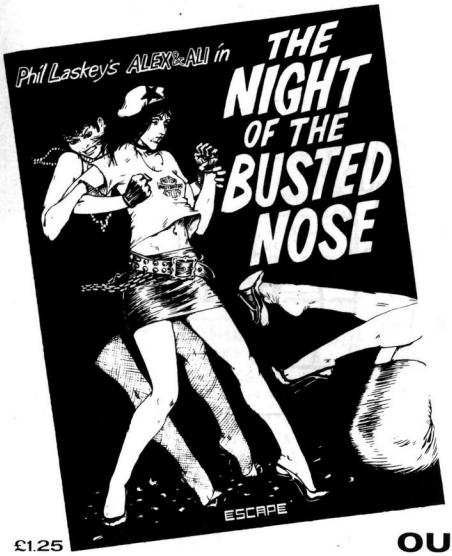

We have all, at some time, suffered the emotional pain that results from vicious and spiteful sarcasm. Therefore we do not need to witness the verbal violence of Temp Girl's attack. So here is a snapshot of my friend Lizzi.

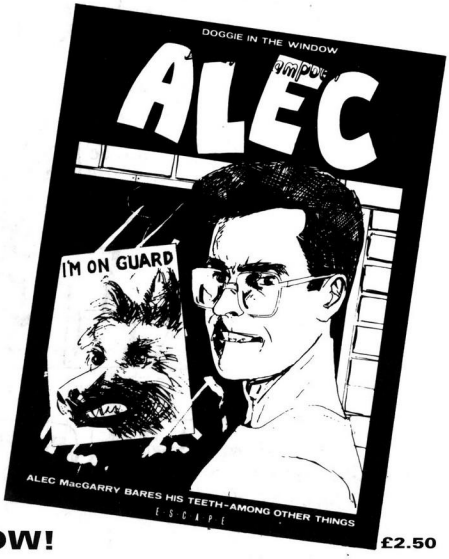

Mr. Death could not take the assault, so he performed one final transformation.
I'm not coming down.


Thanks for saving me, but what about the poor souls in the cupboard?
Prepare yourself for a surprise, you have been the victim of a cruel hoax...
Kathy has been here inside this costume all this time!
But Kathy, why did you devise and conduct such a cunning and sadistic scheme against me? What have I done?
You have never seen it, have you Sav? You have never noticed the feelings I've had for you. You passed me by as you went out with Juline, and I had to stand aside as you two wed and had children. Even after the disasters that led up to your divorce you ignore and pass me by.
Uh...um.... Kath, do you want to go to the pictures?
Meanwhile, in the epilogue.
Calling Temp Girl! Calling Temp Girl!
We no longer need your services. Shatter Girl is back at work. Your pay and clothes are on the ground below you.
And so...
Do you mind? I am trying to get dressed!

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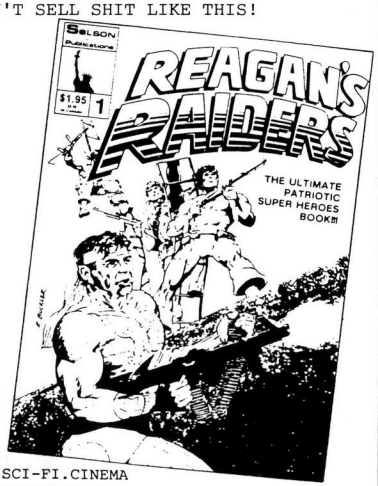
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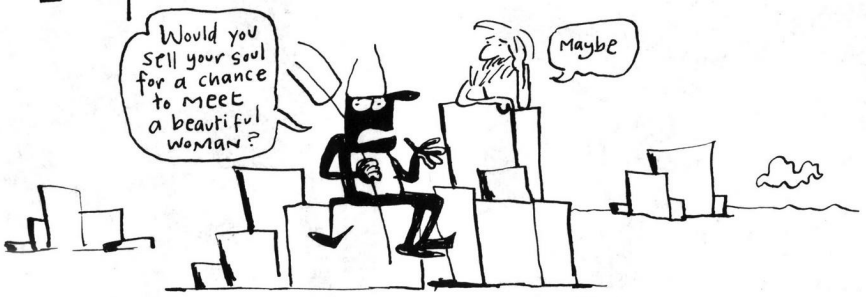
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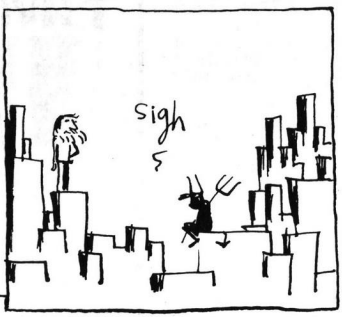




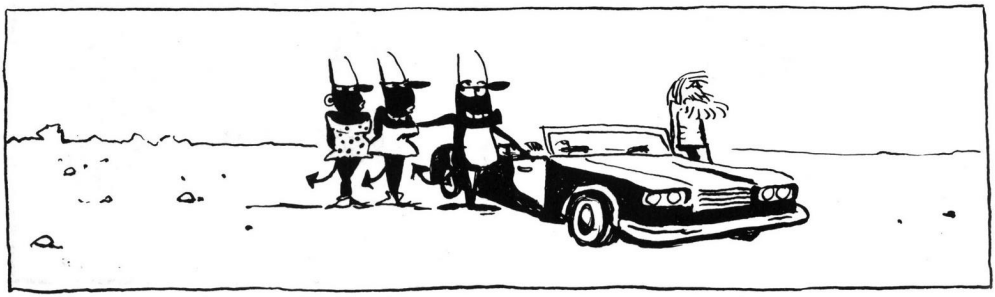














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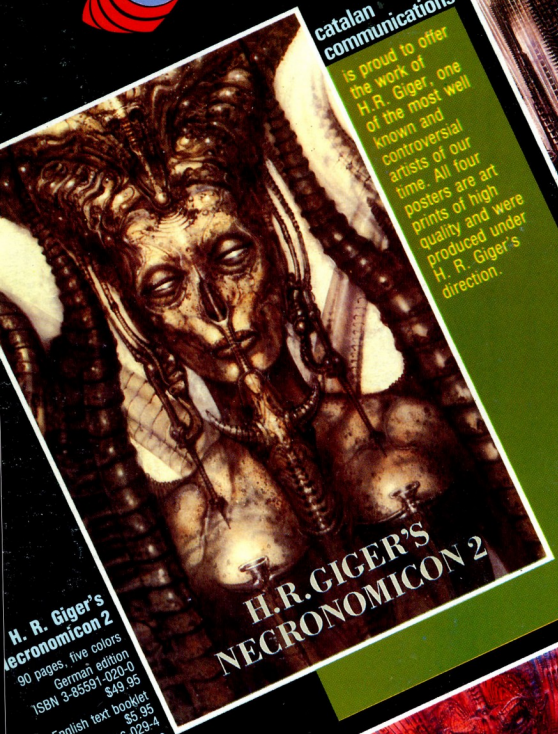
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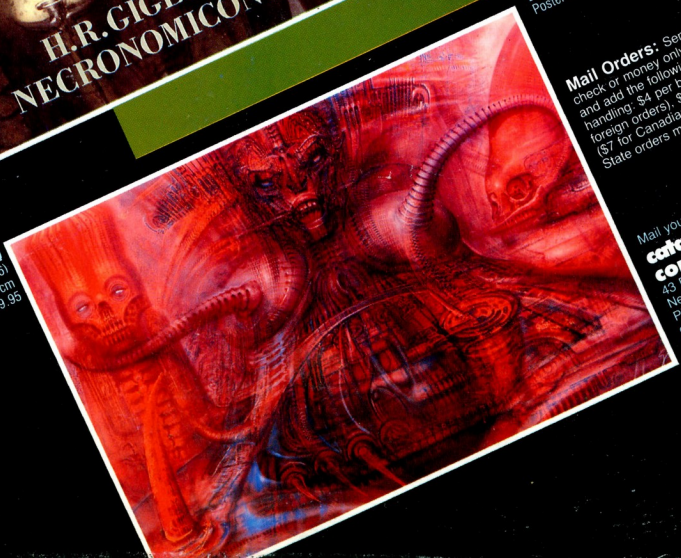
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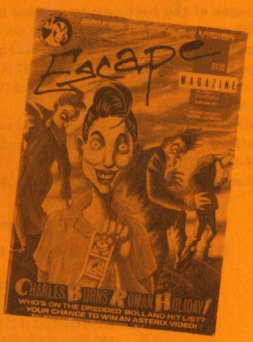
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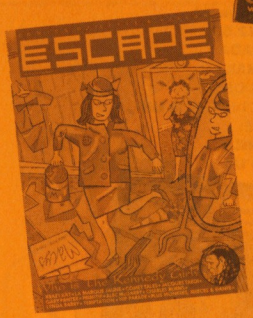
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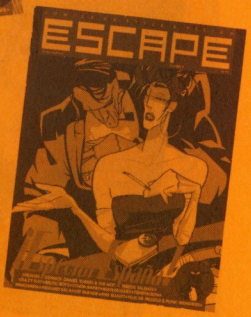
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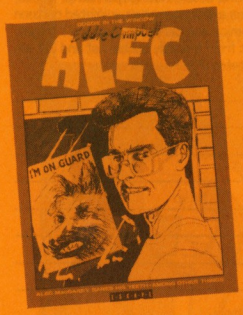
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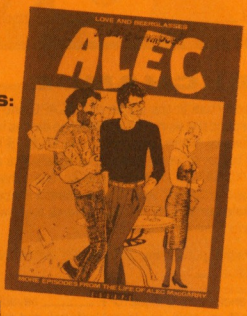
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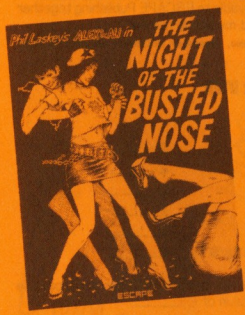
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